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NO. 95
June '65

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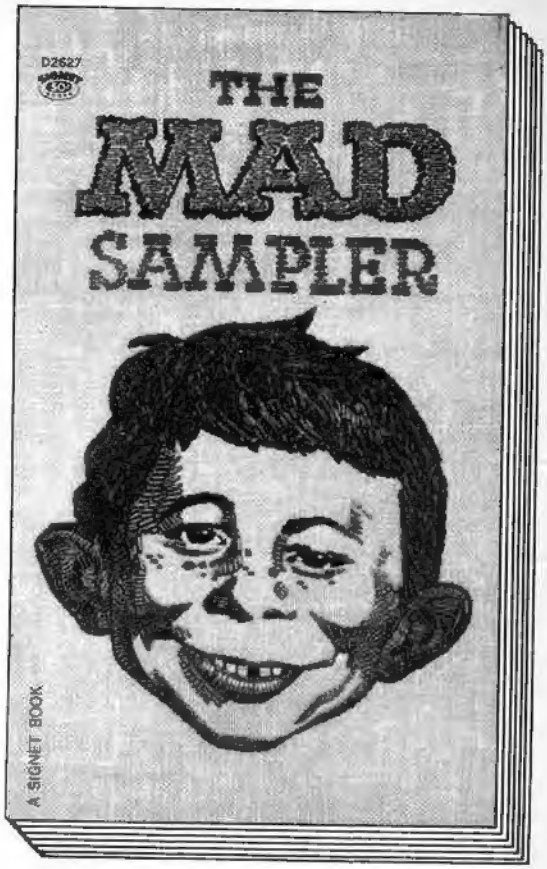

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NUMBER 95 JUNE 1965

MAD

"Occasionally a bachelor will find a girl who has everything: looks, charm, grace, wit, personality, common sense, and a husband with three children!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Spring 36
BILLFOLD-OUT DEPARTMENT
A Celebrity's Wallet (Hugh M. Hefner's) 40
GETTING EVEN WITH THE ODD DEPARTMENT
MAD's Modern Believe It Or Nuts 10, 48
HAIR-'EM, SCARE-'EM DEPARTMENT
HairGoo Magazine 15
IAMBIC SPEEDOMETER DEPARTMENT
The Modern Highwayman 27
IT SURFS YOU RIGHT DEPARTMENT
MAD Visits A Typical Teenage Beach Movie 5
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy vs. Spy 26, 42
KIDDIN' ON THE KEYS DEPARTMENT
Typewri-Toons 34
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
Drawn-Out Dramas ..... **
NUTS WITH BOLTS DEPARTMENT
The MAD Gun-Owners (And Other Small Bores) Primer 31
OFF THE BEATEN SOUND-TRACK DEPARTMENT
If Kids Used Movie Cliches In Everyday Life 12
ONE HORSING-AROUND TOWN DEPARTMENT
Passion Place 43
TALK OF THE TOWNS DEPARTMENT
The Sights And Sounds Of The U.S.A. (Smalltown) 24
TELEVISION DEPARTMENT
A TV Scene We'd Like To See (Mr. Novak) 4
THERE'S A SOCCER BORN EVERY MINUTE DEPARTMENT
43-Man Squamish 21
**Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES

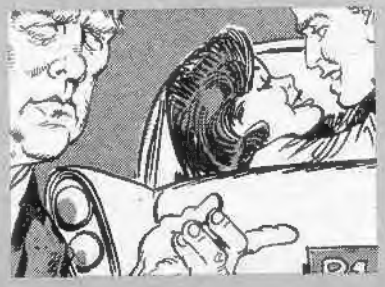
MAD VISITS A TYPICAL BEACH MOVIE
Pg. 5

MAD'S MODERN BELIEVE IT OR NUTS
Pgs. 10 & 48

HAIRGOO MAGAZINE
(A MAD PUBLICATION)
Pg. 15

43-MAN SQUAMISH
(A MAD GAME)
Pg. 21

THE MAD GUN-OWNERS PRIMER
Pg. 31



PASSION PLACE
(A MAD TV SATIRE)
Pg. 43

LETTERS DEPT.

POIUYT-INENT COMMENTS

Having been an avid reader of MAD ever since its first issue appeared to initiate the decline of the English language, I have derived much joy from my unfortunate addiction to it. But your March issue (#93) has caused nothing but sadness, pain, disgust and sorrow. The optical illusion on the cover, which you call "The MAD Poiuyt" was COPIED from "Engineering Digest"!

Judah L. Lando, Ph.D.
Chicago, Illinois

I was shocked to see "The MAD Poiuyt" on the cover of your latest issue, and even more shocked to see that you claimed responsibility for it. Actually, it was first introduced in "The Airman"—the official journal of the U.S. Air Force.

John Herlihy
North Haven, Conn.

This illusion was traveling around the Engineering Graphics Lab here at the University of Minnesota, Duluth, months ago. I was wondering where you got the screwy name "Poiuyt," but upon typing it, I see that one of you lazy, unimaginative slobs just buzzed across the top row of letter-keys on the typewriter backwards, and out it came.

Bill Garrett

Your "Poiuyt" first appeared in the June issue of "Analog" and was called a "three-pronged blivet."

Julius Korngold
Passaic, New Jersey

I knew I'd seen it before. It was first published in the June '64 issue of "Astounding Science Fact—Science Fiction," described as a "Three-hole, Two-Slot Blivit."

Carl E. Serkland
APO San Francisco

It is my duty to inform you that the "MAD Poiuyt" was first introduced a year ago by the brilliant engineers at the University of British Columbia in their paper, "The Red Rag."

Liz Paukert
West Vancouver, B.C.

I hate to tell you this, but the engineers at the Nevada Test Site designed your so-called "MAD Poiuyt" months ago.

Carolyn Morrison
Las Vegas, Nevada

...bears a striking resemblance to a "Triple Encabulator Tuned Manifold," designed by General Motors' Gregory Flynn Jr., and first published in the "Society of Automotive Engineers Journal"!

Barry Hunter
Walkerton, Ont.

...created and first used by Eastman Kodak Co. to check resolution on their Verifax Copiers.

Jerry Irwin
Pittsburgh, Pa.

It first appeared on the letterhead of "Industrial Camera Co." of Oakland, Calif.

Joey De Benin
Syracuse, New York

..."Popular Mechanics."

John Levi
Buffalo, New York

..."Popular Science," July, 1964!

Lee Ruttenberg
Chicago, Illinois

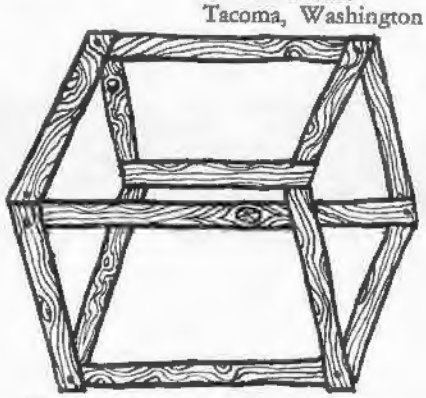
..."Road & Track," June 1964!

Robert Boettcher
Joliet, Illinois

Okay! MAD has been caught with its poiuyts down! We now know that it wasn't original, as we were led to believe! So we apologize to all the originators listed above!—Ed.

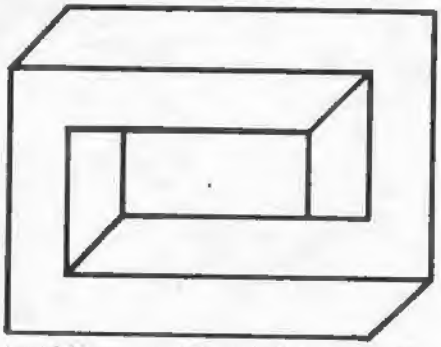
If you ever want to get rid of that "MAD Poiuyt," here's a crate to send it far away in.

Chuck Mathias
Tacoma, Washington



Why don't you put your "MAD Poiuyt" in this box—and throw it away?

Joseph Kuykendall
Morgantown, West Va.



We'd like to put the guy who gave us the idea in a box and throw him away!—Ed.

JOEY TO THE WORLD

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine. In fact, it's so funny, it almost makes me smile.

Joey Bishop
Hollywood, California

FLYING ACE

Congratulations to both Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo for their great work on that gutsy movie, "Flying Ace." It was the funniest thing I have ever read.

Tania Ledovsky
Fairfield, Conn.

"Flying Ace" was the craziest! Every time I read it, I split a gut.

Chris Wisniewski
Chicago, Illinois

Please do about 11 million more movies starring the Beatles. I will cherish this issue for the rest of my MAD days.

Linda Keklikian
Kirkwood, Mo.

HUMOROUS TOUCH-TACKLE

I would like to congratulate Arnie Kogen on his "Football Foto-Plays" in MAD #93. It added a humorous touch to an otherwise dull periodical.

Bill Michaud
Portland, Maine

TYPICAL KIDDIE SHOW

Your "Typical Kiddie Show" was the greatest. Congratulations to Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker. All kiddie shows from time immemorial were summed up in it. Likewise for the typical "Cat-and-Mouse" cartoon. I was amazed at the great job you did. But I was even more amazed at the amount of TV-watching your staff must have done to produce this fabulous piece.

David Formanek
Bronx, New York

I really enjoyed the kick in the pants aimed at "Kiddie Shows." They really are getting out of hand. I hope you continue to publish this sort of thing.

Susie Godden
Albuquerque, N. M.

MAD'S E.S.P.

Hey, what's with you clods, anyway? You got E.S.P. or something? Where did you find out about Mickey Bitsko? The New York Giants just found out about him. Mainly, they signed him to play for them. The next thing you know, the Air Force will unveil "The MAD Zeppelin"!

Michael D. Kobrin
Levittown, Long Island

All right! What's the story? A while back, you were filling your issues with various references to a certain "Mickey Bitsko." Now he shows up in the East-West Shrine Football Game as a player from the U. of Dayton.

Lawrence Baum
San Francisco, Calif.

I am beginning to wonder about your knowledge of the pro basketball world. In your #93 issue (on sale Dec. 29, 1964), in the article "Space Magazines," you have Wilt Chamberlain pictured in a Philadelphia uniform. Wilt has been playing for San Francisco for the past three NBA seasons. Wake up!

Stephen A. Olsen
Santa Clara, Calif.

I'll overlook Wilt being dwarfed by our outer space neighbors ("Space Magazines"), but for the sake of our faltering Warriors, don't trade him to Philadelphia!

William Zickgraf
San Francisco, Calif.

On January 14, 1965, San Francisco announced that it was trading Wilt Chamberlain to Philadelphia. More MAD E.S.P.?—Ed.

ART BUCHWALD

Is it really true that Art Buchwald is "a mythical person first thought up by MAD Magazine"? That's what TIME Magazine said on page 73 of the Dec. 18th issue.

Steve Miller
Bergenfield, N. J.

Don't you believe it! TIME is a mythical magazine thought up by Art Buchwald!—Ed.

ESCAPING PUN-ISHMENT

All right! Which one of you clods thinks up those terrible puns used in the different Department headings—or haven't you got the nerve to tell us your name?

Angrily yours,
Name Withheld

ONE NEEDLER IN THE HAYSTACK

As a retired teacher—college preparatory—permit me to thank you for many an enjoyable evening reading your esteemed magazine. It is a tragedy that there are not more periodicals pricking the great American bubble of complacency.

H. W. Brink
Atlantic City, N. J.

MAD ZEPPELIN

I think the "MAD Zeppelin" is the greatest. Where can I get one?

Susan Shepard
Woodbury, Conn.

The next MAD Annual—"The Worst From MAD #8" will include a build-it-yourself MAD Zeppelin Kit. Look for it in early May. —Ed.

MAD ON PROBATION

This is to advise you that copies of "MAD" are placed in our waiting rooms by probation officers for their clients, without any noticeable effect on the incidence of delinquency.

W. M. Zimmerman
Chief Juvenile Probation Officer
Winnipeg Juvenile Court and
Family Court
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BOOBS

I am writing this letter out of pure curiosity. How did Alfred E. Neuman lose his front tooth?

Nancy Dunham
New Cambria, Missouri

Out of pure curiosity!—Ed.

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LOTS FOR SALE

Yep, we've still got lots of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, for sale at 25¢ each or 3 for 50¢. Mail money to: MAD, Dept. "What—Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

A TV Scene We'd Like To See

IT SURFS YOU RIGHT DEPT.

Ever since "Frankenstein" and "Dracula" were first shown, the public has been going wild over all types of horror movies. Recently, a new kind of horror movie emerged from Hollywood which well may turn out to be the most frightening and blood-curdling of all. Join us now, as...

MAD VISITS A TYPICAL TEENAGE BEACH MOVIE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

For cryin' out loud, Dizzy! There's no surf now! What are you yelling "Surf's Up!" for?

I always come running up shouting "Surf's Up!" when the plot bogs down in a beach movie!

I know that! But this movie just started!

I got news for you! The plot's already bogged down!

Tell me, Go-Go! Are you going to surf for the rest of your life?

Of course not, Annette! When I'm 67, I plan to settle down and do the things in life that really count!

Like what?

Well for one thing . . . drag-racing!

Tell me a little bit about yourself, Johnny.

What's there to tell? My mother and father were surfers and they met while surfing, and they got married on the beach, and a year later I was born on the surf, being delivered by a surfing obstetrician, and when I was . . .

That's very interesting! But is there anything unusual about your background?

I love you, Egghead, but you're the laughing stock of the beach. You don't like surfing or dancing or drag-racing. You're an insult to all teenagers. Can't you do anything worthwhile?

I can't help it if I just like reading and thinking!

What's reading and thinking?

Hey, gang, we've been on this beach for nine days and there still hasn't been any surf!

Yeah! Where's the surf?

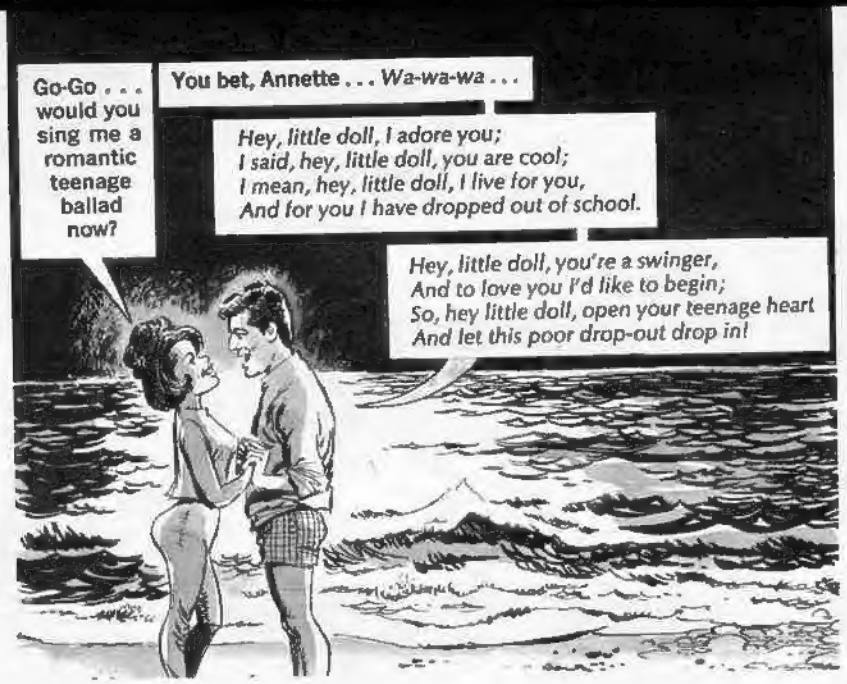
Yeah! What happened to the surf?

Kids, I just found out why there's no surf here! This is a LAKE!

Son-of-a-gun, I knew there was something wrong! Okay, gang—let's head for the ocean! It's only 124 miles from here . . .

How will we get there?

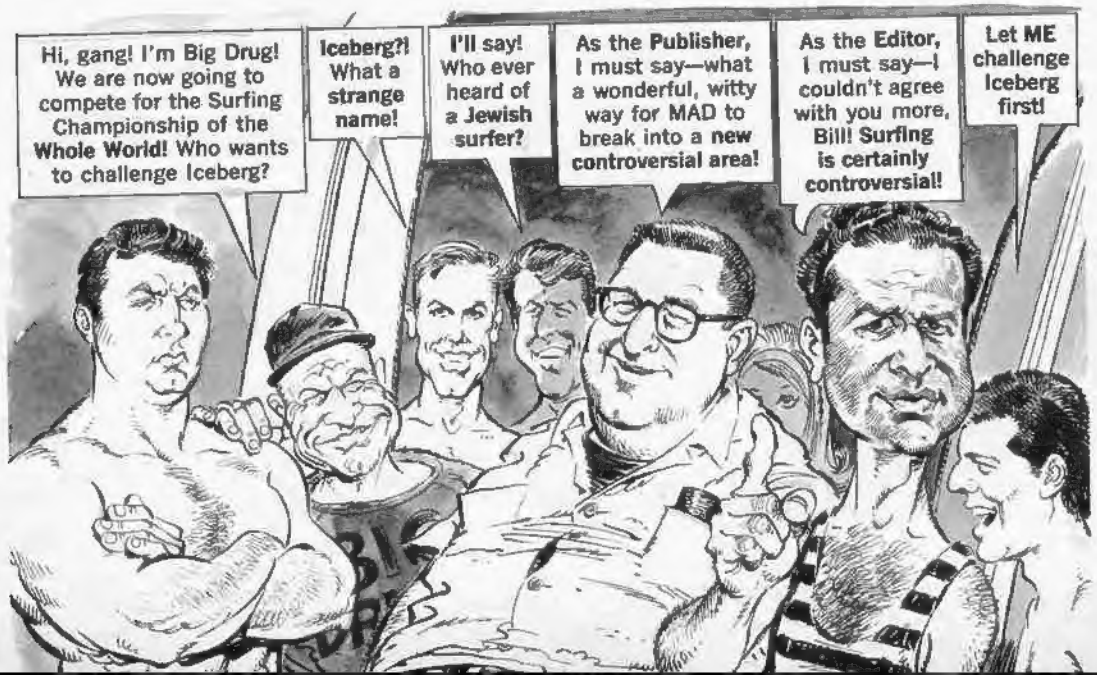
It's a nice day! What do you say we dance over?!

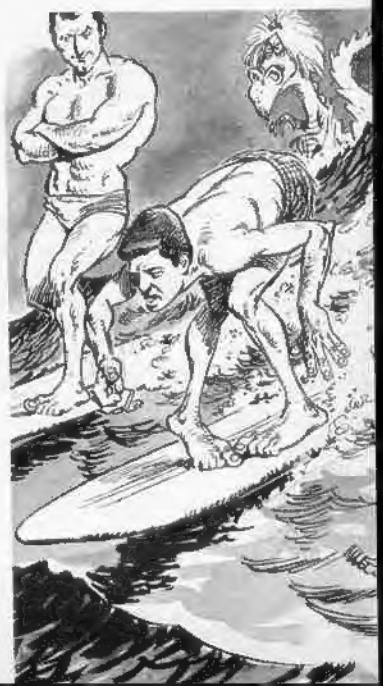

Go-Go . . . would you sing me a romantic teenage ballad now?
You bet, Annette . . . Wa-wa-wa . . .
Hey, little doll, I adore you; I said, hey, little doll, you are cool; I mean, hey, little doll, I live for you, And for you I have dropped out of school.
Hey, little doll, you're a swinger, And to love you I'd like to begin; So, hey little doll, open your teenage heart And let this poor drop-out drop in!

You know why these beach pictures are so popular, Go-Go? Because teenagers in the audience like to identify with us and all our dancing and making-out!
That's right! It takes their minds off the humdrum things in their own lives . . . like dancing and making-out!

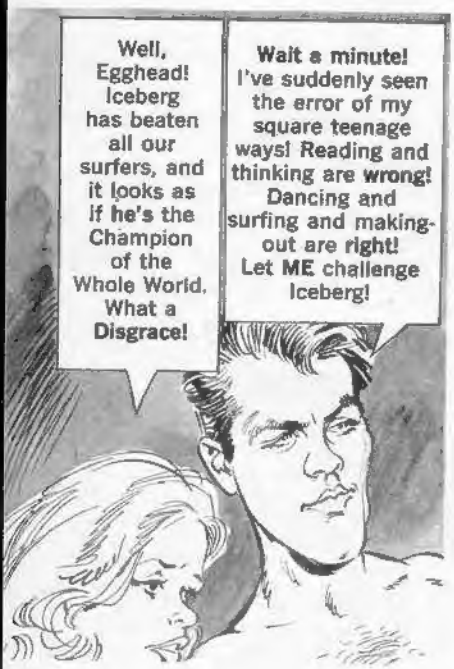
That was a nasty thing to say, Go-Go! I'm leaving you, and I'm quitting beach movies! I'm going back to the part of Show Biz where I'm appreciated!
But, Annette— you're too old for the Mickey Mouse Club!!

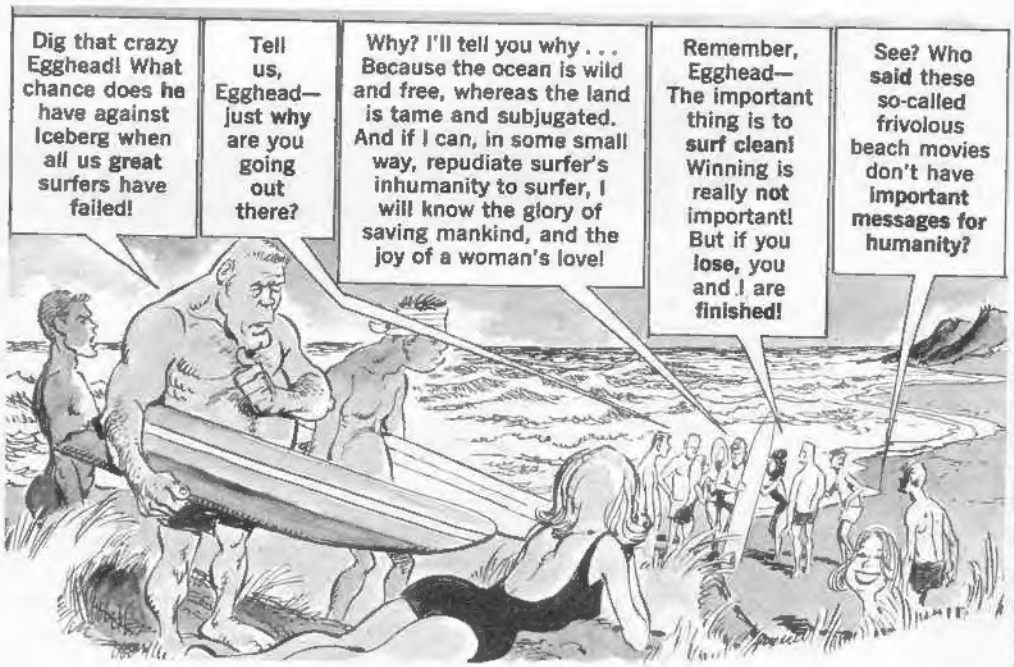
Hey, everybody! SURF'S UP!!
Oh, shut up, Dizzy! It's four o'clock in the morning . . . and besides, the plot hasn't bogged down! It's dead!
Who's that guy over there, Go-Go?
He's the Champion Surfer of the U.S.A. His name is "Iceberg"!
Is he called "Iceberg" because he's a cold and friendless surfer who doesn't like to talk?
No, because he's a cold and friendless surfer who doesn't know HOW to talk! He was a Nursery School drop-out!


Hi, gang! I'm Big Drug! We are now going to compete for the Surfing Championship of the Whole World! Who wants to challenge Iceberg?
Iceberg?! What a strange name!
I'll say! Who ever heard of a Jewish surfer?
As the Publisher, I must say—what a wonderful, witty way for MAD to break into a new controversial area!
As the Editor, I must say—I couldn't agree with you more, Bill! Surfing is certainly controversial!
Let ME challenge Iceberg first!



Let ME go now!


Well, Egghead! Iceberg has beaten all our surfers, and it looks as if he's the Champion of the Whole World. What a Disgrace!
Wait a minute! I've suddenly seen the error of my square teenage ways! Reading and thinking are wrong! Dancing and surfing and making-out are right! Let ME challenge Iceberg!


Dig that crazy Egghead! What chance does he have against Iceberg when all us great surfers have failed!
Tell us, Egghead—just why are you going out there?
Why? I'll tell you why . . . Because the ocean is wild and free, whereas the land is tame and subjugated. And if I can, in some small way, repudiate surfer's inhumanity to surfer, I will know the glory of saving mankind, and the joy of a woman's love!
Remember, Egghead—The important thing is to surf clean! Winning is really not important! But if you lose, you and I are finished!
See? Who said these so-called frivolous beach movies don't have important messages for humanity?

Look . . . Iceberg and Egghead are both riding a 20-foot wave!

Look—now they're both riding a 40-foot wave!

Look behind them! Ira is coming!
What's Ira?

Ira is the name of the legendary great wave of Malibu Beach which comes in once every seven years! They say that if an American surfer ever rides Ira successfully, all of World Communism will be destroyed!

Who says that?

No one! I just made it up!

Why does everyone call it "Ira"?

You got me! Its real name is "Manny"!

No surfer in history has ever ridden Ira before!

This is it! Everything we stand for and love is riding on Egghead's shoulders!

So this is the spot where the whole cast of them beach movies was washed out to sea?

Yeah, it was a terrible tragedy! But you know something—we can be thankful for one thing! At least those kids are out of their misery now!

Yeah, and even more important—so is the movie-going public! Well, I guess that's the end of beach movies for good!

I guess so . . . and then again, I wonder . . .

Wa-wa-wa-ooh-ah-ooh . . . I'm a happy-go-lucky teenage angel in love with a swinging angel chick, and I wanna dance and make out on the clouds and hate grownup angels forever . . . Yeah, yeah—yeah, yeah, yeah . . .

Is this our last picture, Johnny?

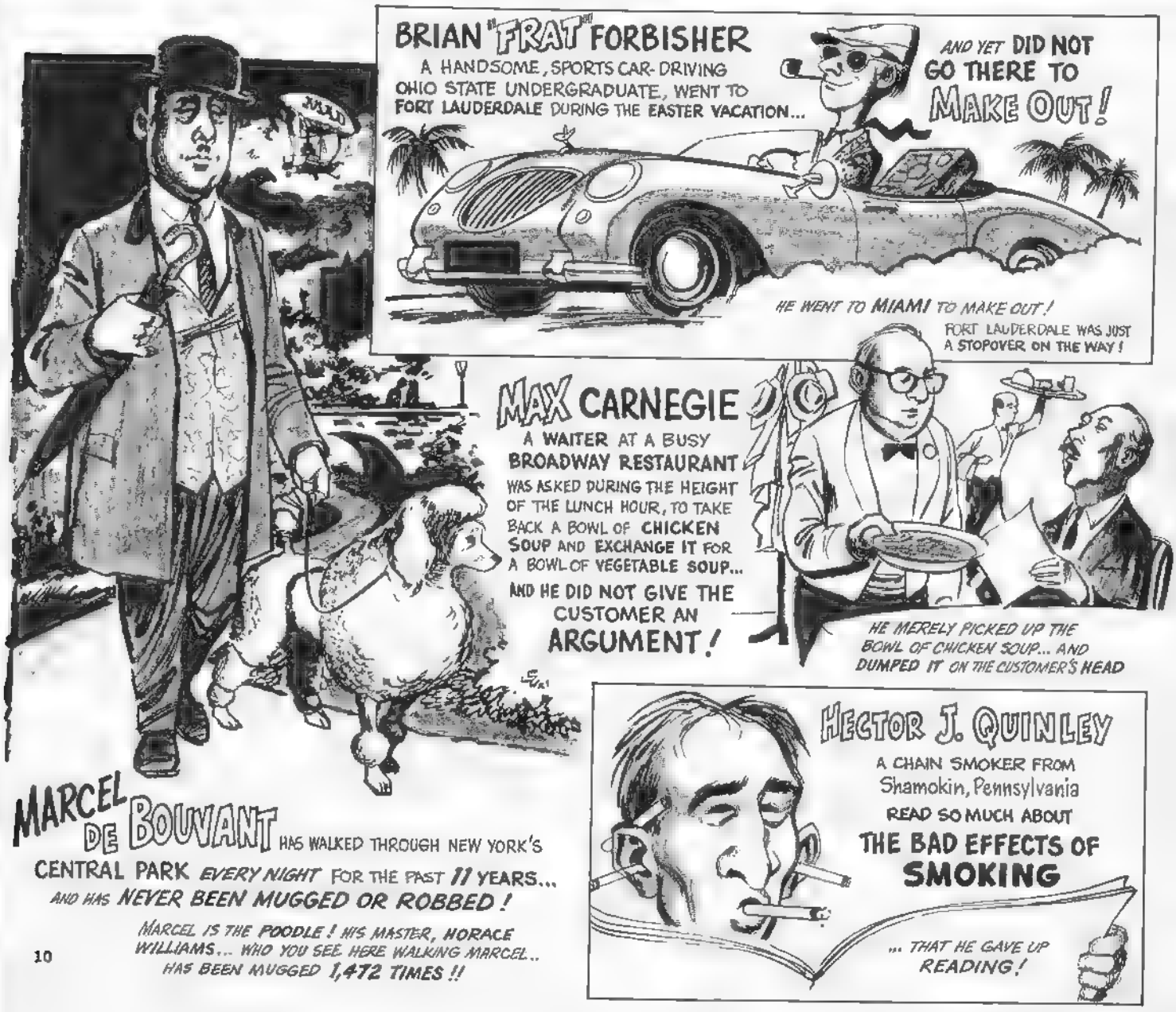
Are you kidding? After this, we make "Ride The Wild Cloud" and then we make "Pearly Gates Party" and then we make "Bikini Heaven", and then we make . . .

Hey, everybody! CLOUD'S UP!!

GETTING EVEN WITH THE ODD DEPT.

For many years now, a popular feature in our daily newspapers has been "Believe It Or Not." However, because it has been in existence so long, its creators are finding it increasingly more difficult each day to come up with weird and startling items with which to amaze and confound their readers. In fact, we find that they seem to be running out of astounding things, and that it has gotten to the point where a typical "Believe It Or Not" item reads something like this:

We feel this wonderful old feature could be revitalized by a whole new approach... one in which startling items that reflect today's world, and comment "socially" on what's going on, are presented. Something like:



MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

NELSON J. LINDSEYROCK,

A POLITICAL FIGURE RUNNING FOR OFFICE IN NEW YORK STATE, WENT THROUGH AN ENTIRE ELECTION CAMPAIGN WITHOUT *ONCE* EATING

A KNISH, PIZZA, EGGROLL OR BLINTZ

IN ORDER TO APPEAL TO MINORITY GROUPS AND SHOW HE WAS A "REGULAR GUY"! *HE CHOSE, INSTEAD, TO APPEAL STRICTLY TO THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE VOTER !!*

NELSON J. LINDSEYROCK *LOST* BY A LANDSLIDE !!

GINA LOLA BERKOWITZ

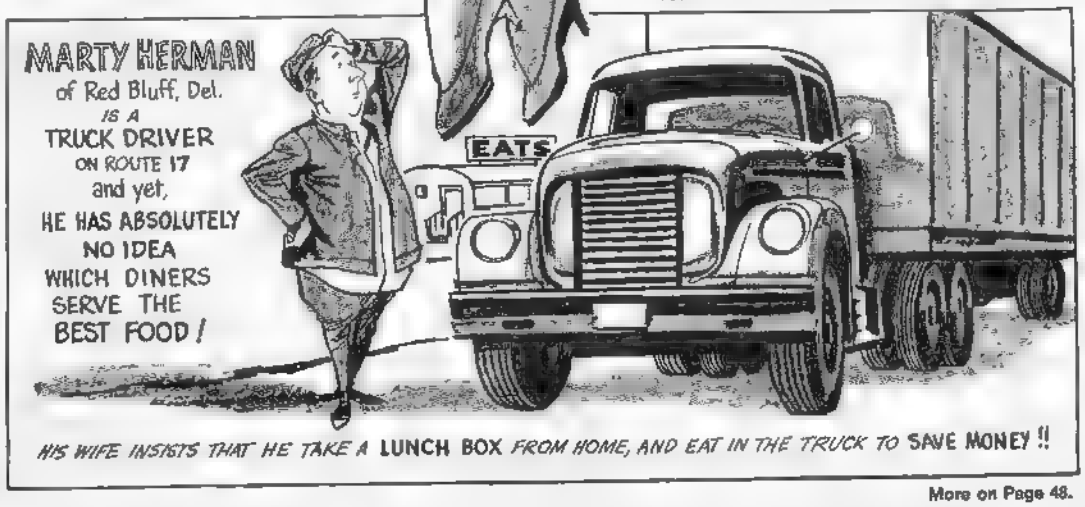
A BRONX CO-ED WHO ATTENDS NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

DID NOT GO TO COLLEGE TO FIND A HUSBAND!

SHE WENT TO COLLEGE TO FIND A "SINGLE FELLOW" *WHOM SHE COULD TURN INTO A HUSBAND !!*

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, MUTUAL FUND SALESMEN ARE NOT *"PUSHY"!*

THEY ARE, HOWEVER, ***UNBELIEVABLY BORING!***



MARTY HERMAN of Red Bluff, Del. *IS A* TRUCK DRIVER ON ROUTE 17 and yet, HE HAS ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHICH DINERS SERVE THE BEST FOOD!

HIS WIFE INSISTS THAT HE TAKE A LUNCH BOX *FROM HOME, AND EAT IN THE TRUCK TO* SAVE MONEY !!

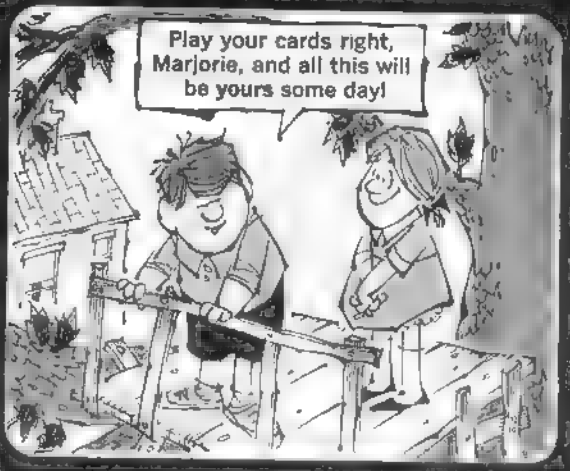
More on Page 48.

OFF THE BEATEN SOUND-TRACK DEPT.

With all the old movies being shown on television nowadays, our young people are suffering the same fate we older folks suffered: Mainly, they're being deluged by that corny old "Sure-Fire Dialogue." And so, this next article is MAD's idea of what it'd be like—

IF KIDS USED MOVIE CLICHÉS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: HARRY PURVIS



Oh, Brad, you've taught me how to laugh again!

Now you **know** why I can never marry you, Arnold. You see, that's my **father!**

Don't forget—if anyone stops us —let **me** do the talking!

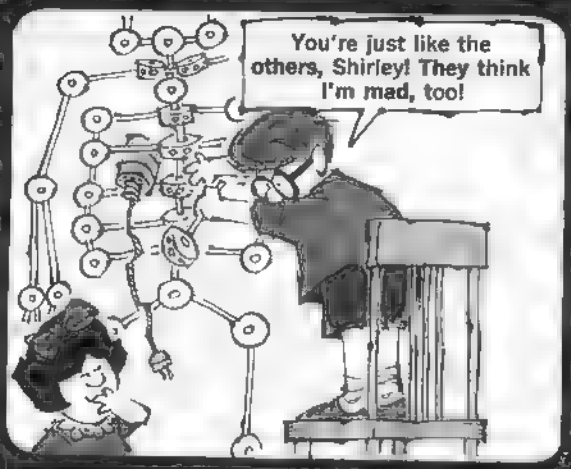
Sure you won't change your mind, Doris? This kind of money can buy a lot of pretty things.

Nice little business you've got here, Mitchell. Too bad if anything were to **happen** to it!
3¢
LEMEN AD

A guy does an awful lot of growing up in five years, Jenny.

Blinky must have shot off his mouth and spilled the beans!

If anyone should ask, I was here from nine o'clock to closing. **Understand?**


You're just like the others, Shirley! They think I'm mad, too!

She's ruined half a dozen men to my knowledge!

You know, Susan, this is the kind of life you were meant for!

Looking for something, my dear?

You're a funny sort of kid, Marcia. I never know exactly how to take you!

Hear that, Darling, they're playing OUR SONG!

I'm not the same Johnny Jones you knew back in Kindergarten, Sally. If you know what's good for you, you'll forget all about me!

I don't give a damn what your parents say. Now that I've found you, I'm not going to let you go out of my life without a fight!

HAIR-'EM, SCARE-'EM DEPT.

Nothing in the world . . . neither parents, nor friends, nor boyfriends, nor even life itself . . . is more important to a teenage girl than her hair. For this reason, and because today's teenage girl has plenty of spending money, more and more publishers are trying to grab their share with magazines that are devoted exclusively to hair and hair styles. Magazines like

HairGoo

June
35c

The Magazine Devoted To Beautiful Hair Styles

"THE SEE-THROUGH"
Created spontaneously by talented Mr. Kenny of Hollywood (rear)

"THE SHOCK COIF"
Created by Mr. Pierre of Paris when he accidentally spilled his iced tea down model's bare back

★ LOVELY NEW ACCIDENTAL CREATIONS (COVER) ★ HOW TO OVERCOME ROLLER ROT ★ WHY SOME GOLDEN LOCKS TURN GREEN ★ HOW TO TELL IF SHE DOES, OR DOESN'T ★ 50 BRAND NEW HILARIOUS PARTY JOKES ABOUT HAIRDOS ★ HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR HAIRDRESSER IS—(ER)—DATEABLE

"THE YUL BRYNNER"
Created by Mr Freddy of Brooklyn after tightening rollers just a wee bit too much

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: AL JAFFEE

HairGoo

JUNE 1965

CONTENTS

How To Tease Your Hair 4

How To Calm Down Your Hair After It Becomes Annoyed From All That Teasing 7

Avoid Trouble: Move Those Rollers To New Locations At Least Once A Week 9

Making Curlers Safe In Electrical Storms 11

How To Temporarily Remove Curlers And Rollers For Emergencies—Like Brain Surgery 14

Your Summer Spraying Schedule: Hair Set Mist; Lacquer, Paint; Insecticide 17

Use Your Head, Grow A Wig For Fun And Profit 20

What To Do About Sticky Dead Bugs That Get Caught In Lacquer-Sprayed Hair 23

What To Do About Those Lacquer-Spray Blotches In Back Of You On The Bathroom Wall 25

A Beginner's Course In Braille—In Case You Get Lacquer-Spray In Your Eyes 28

Tips On Making Your Deformed-Looking Head (Due To Wearing Those Super-Jumbo Rollers) Appear Like Something Closer To Normal 31

How To Fall Asleep While Wearing Hair Rollers 33

How To Wake Up (After Falling Asleep While Wearing Hair Rollers) Without A Twisted Neck 35

Planning That Week-End Pajama Party Devoted Entirely To Playing With Hairdos 38

New Products For Exciting Hairdo Experiments 40

New Medicines For Inflamed Scalps Due To Exciting Hairdo Experiments 43

Why Girls Are More Interested In Hairdos Than In Boys—A Psychologist's Report 45

Why Boys Are More Interested In Hairdos Than In Girls—Or Psychologists 47

An Eyewitness Report: The Nasty Exchange Between Mr. Gerald Of Hollywood And Mr. Peter Of Palm Springs 49

6,546 Comb-Outs 52

9,385 Diagrams For Using Hair Rollers 67

8-Page Reading List Of Books About Hair 73

Hair And There

HAIRLINE HEADLINE NEWS PHOTOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

CINDERELLA GIRL MARRIES KING

At her recent surprise wedding to King Alphonse Garnicht of Lichtenstein, "Cinderella Girl" Zelda Barfman looked ravishing in royal blue jumbo rollers. The bridesmaids who attended her all wore fuschia rollers and silver pins.

FIRST WOMAN APPOINTED TO SUPREME COURT

Sitting in her very first session at the bench, following her historic appointment to the U. S. Supreme Court, the Honorable Claire Loosebolt wore solemn, dignified black rollers in a coif modeled after the Statue of Justice.

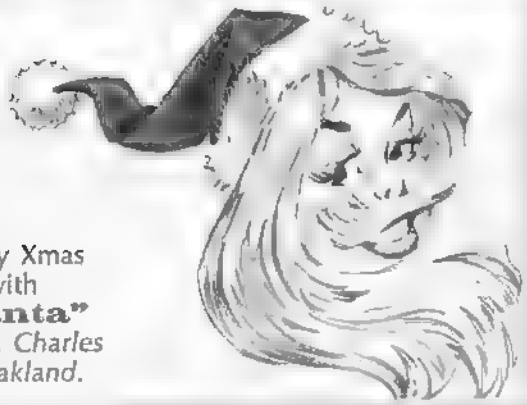
SEXTUPLETS BORN TO BROOKLYN HOUSEWIFE

Mrs. Andrew Breedwell, of Brooklyn, North Dakota, proudly displays her brand new hair style, set by Mr. Percy of Mercy Hospital. Posing along with Mrs. Breedwell, all in matching hair styles even though they are boys, are her new sextuplets. "I wanted a girl," smiled Mrs. Breedwell.

Best Coifs of the Month

Let freedom ring with **"The Statue of Liberty"** by *Mr. Michael* of *Miami.*

Pretty as a picture in **"The Frame"** by *Mr. Irving* of *San Francisco*



Merry Xmas with **"Santa"** by *Mr. Charles* of *Oakland.*

Deep in the heart of Texas with **"The Longhorn"** by *Mr. Morton* of *San Antonio*

A charming choker in **"The Noose"** by *Mr. Melvin* of *Dallas.*

Anchors aweigh in **"The Nautilus"** by *Mr. Morris* of *Coney Island*

Playboys delight in **"The Bunny"** by *Mr. Frank* of *Center Fold-Out*

Topping the topless with **"Modest Maiden"** by *Mr. Stuart of County Jail*

THE BIRTH OF A

Mr. Teddy of Park Avenue Cre

Mr. Teddy, a famous N.Y. hairdresser, studies lovely model for inspiration.

Suddenly it comes to Mr. Teddy . . . a brilliant idea for a gay new hairdo.

It will be a tantalizing upsweep . . . brushed into 3 sections at the crown.

HAIRDOS A

Another exciting installment of the monthly feature that offers hints and warnings so that you may enjoy your hair without endangering it. Remember, your crowning glory is your most prized possession. With proper care and respect

ROLLING

DO study roller diagrams carefully before starting. Then try several dry runs before getting into actual intricate hairdo structures.

DON'T just start right in. You run risk of getting your hands caught. Unable to open door, this gal was trapped in her room 3 weeks.

TOSSING

DO learn to walk so that your hair tosses casually from side to side. Somehow this has proven to be very attractive to all young men.

DON'T walk with your hips swinging and your hair hanging straight down. For some reason, young men find this unappealing and unsexy.

MASTHAIRPIECE

ates a Breathtaking New Coif!

Swiftly he goes to work, combing and brushing—deftly teasing and setting.

In his artistic hands, pins and clips and rollers fall perfectly into place.

Voila! A new creation fit for a queen! Talented Mr. Teddy has done it again!

ND DON'TS

it can give you endless pleasures . . . pleasures that you can enjoy alone and by yourself for hours. Just think how important this could be if ever you were to be marooned on a desert island, or if you had to spend time in jail.

LACQUERING

DO hold lacquer spray can at the proper distance from your hair, and spray with a fine mist to give a bright, natural sheen to your hair.

DON'T spray carelessly and absent-mindedly—like when you're on the phone—or disastrous results (such as above) may occur.

FALLING

DO plan with extreme care the direction in which your hair will fall once you've removed rollers. This seems easy but can be very tricky.

DON'T let this happen to you. A hairdo like this may look lovely, but really isn't when you consider it is a front view of her face.

The HairGoo Shopping Bag

Devoted to presenting the latest and finest in hair care products. Before any product can be included here, our laboratory thoroughly tests, examines, analyzes, compares, investigates and inspects the manufacturer's attitude toward payola. If he meets our high standards, we then recommend his product.

PORTA-POO KIT

Now you can shampoo anywhere and any time—at home, in a car, plane, bus, subway, rocket, etc. The plastic bag clamps tightly over your head, and soap and water are pumped in by the rubber ball. **$40.00,** Suds Industries.

ROLLER-CHIEF

This brilliant item features a lovely kerchief with built-in rollers. Just throw it over your head with rollers face down on your hair before meeting friends, and fool them into thinking you have a date for that night. Also eliminates feeling naked among other girls in rollers. **$17.00,** B. J. Corp.

HAIRDO-CADDY

Whether you travel a lot or stay at home, this is a "must" for the modern hair-conscious young lady. Everything you need for any hair problem or set imaginable can be stored in it. Ends clutter of rollers, pins, spray cans, curlers, etc. Jumbo size (not shown) available at slight extra cost. Mail order only. **$185.00,** this magazine.

Dear Miss Hair Goo

Dear Miss HairGoo:

My girl friends and I argue about wearing hair rollers at the beach. I say it's not proper, especially if we want to meet the boys. I am enclosing a snapshot of all of us. As you can see, the girls are wearing rollers and I am not. (I'm the one on the left in the topless suit.) Who is right?

Good Taste
San Diego, Cal.

Dear Good Taste:

Sorry, but we agree with your friends. Hair rollers are acceptable everywhere nowadays. And the boys are not the least bit offended, as one can plainly see by the happy wide-eyed group in the picture. Don't be such an old fuddy-duddy, Good Taste! Get with it!

Dear Miss HairGoo:

Last Wednesday, while sitting in the Freem Theater watching Sandra Bouffant in "Teenage Love On A Surfboard At Bikini Beach," some clod brushed past and knocked all my hair rollers off my head. They spilled all over the place under seats. These rollers (at least 73 of them) were the expensive pink "Jumbo" kind, and cost me at least 7 month's babysitting money. Shouldn't the theater pay me back for them, since it was one of their customers who did it?

Sore
Rancid, Texas

Dear Sore:

We seem to recall reading about this incident in our local papers. Isn't that the one where twenty-eight emergency cases were admitted to your local hospital with injuries ranging from fractured arms and legs to broken necks and brain concussions following the show? And didn't it come out that each patient had slipped on a hair roller as he was leaving his seat? And isn't the theater being sued for several million dollars? But back to your question. Yes, you do have a right to collect. After all, as you pointed out, the rollers were quite expensive. But more than that—look at the embarrassment you were caused when your set was ruined! The more we think about it, the madder we get!

Dear Miss HairGoo:

Last month, I bought one of the products advertised in your magazine, and I had a lot of trouble with it. The product was "Hair-Gro," which was supposed to help hair grow vigorously and healthy or my money back. Well, I've been trying to get my money back, but the manufacturer refuses to give it to me. I followed the instructions just as it said on the box. I mixed the stuff in a big bowl and poured it on my head and rubbed it in with a sponge. Well, my hair is growing fine, as they promised. But it is also growing on my hands, face, neck, shoulders, and even on my sponge. When I wrote them about this, they said that the guarantee only covers my head, and the rest is my problem. I don't think this is fair. What do you intend doing about this?

Itchy Palms
Boston, Mass.

Dear Itchy Palms:

You will be pleased to hear of the prompt action we have taken against the makers of "Hair-Gro." In all future full-page color ads they run in this magazine, they will not be permitted to display the "HairGoo Seal Of Approval." We just don't fool around when it comes to protecting our readers.

Dear Miss HairGoo:

I tried the gorgeous "Coif Of The Month" featured in your last issue, and it really turned out beautiful. I got compliments wherever I went. But now I would like to try a different coif, and I can't seem to get the "Coif Of The Month" to come down. Where did I goof?

Bewildered
Blytheville, Ark.

Dear Bewildered:

You didn't goof! We did! What happened to you also happened to 4,578 other HairGoo readers. It seems there was an unfortunate chemical reaction between the setting lotion and the hair spray we recommend—something like the way epoxy glue works when you mix the two little tubes together. But don't fret. It may be rock-hard now, but in a month or so, new soft hair will grow up and you'll be able to cut the whole silly thing loose. And by a lucky coincidence, next issue will feature a full line of "Crew-Cut Coifs" that could become the exciting new style-trend of the year. And if it goes, you'll be there—in the forefront of it all.

THERE'S A SOCCER BORN EVERY MINUTE DEPT.

For years, the nation's educators have been howling about the evils inherent in such big time college sports as football and basketball. They contend that there's too much professionalism, that not enough boys have a chance to participate, etc. But no one really lifted a finger to correct the situation until MAD's Athletic Council went to work—and he's come up with a brand new sport that promises to provide good, clean amateur fun for all. Here, then, are the rules for this great new national pastime of the future. Digest them carefully and be the last person in your neighborhood to play . . . as . . .

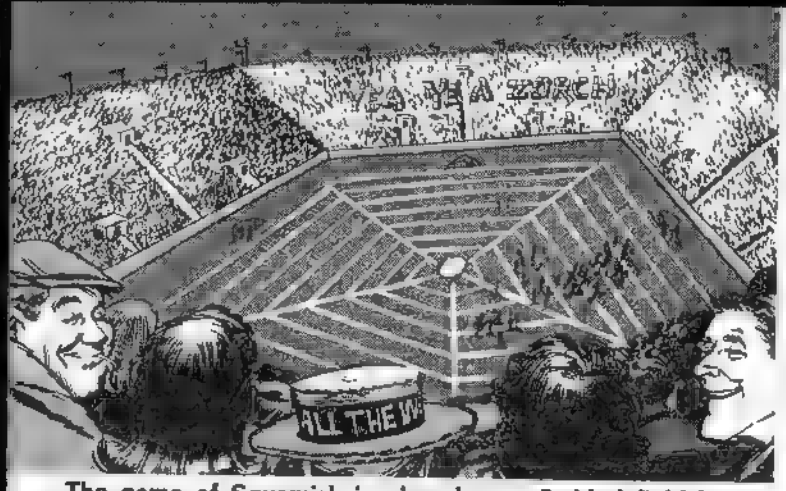
MAD MAGAZINE introduces 43-MAN SQUAMISH

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: TOM KOCH

A Squamish team consists of 43 players: the left & right Inside Grouches, the left & right Outside Grouches, four Deep Brooders, four Shallow Brooders, five Wicket Men, three Offensive Niblings, four Quarter-Frummerts, two Half-Frummerts, one Full-Frummert, two Overblats, two Underblats, nine Back-Up Finks, two Leapers and a Dummy.

Each player is equipped with a long hooked stick known as a Frullip. The Frullip is used to halt opposing players attempting to cross your goal line with the Pritz (ball). The Official Pritz is 3¾ inches in diameter and is made of untreated Ibex hide stuffed with Blue Jay feathers.

Play begins with the Probate Judge flipping a new Spanish peseta. If the Visiting Captain calls the toss correctly, the game is immediately cancelled. If he fails to call it correctly, then the Home Team Captain is given his choice of either carrying the Pritz . . . or defending against it.



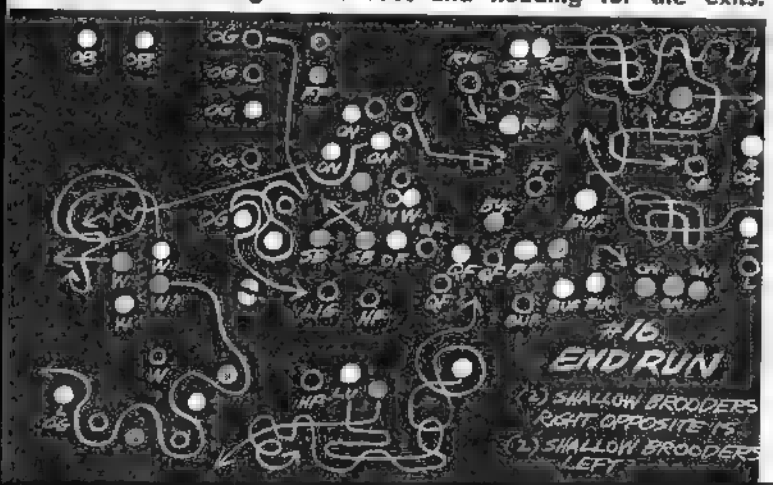
The game of Squamish is played on a 5-sided field known as a Flutney. The two teams line up at opposite sides of the Flutney and play seven Ogres of fifteen minutes each — unless it rains, in which case they play eight Ogres.

The defending right Outside Grouch signifies that he is ready to hurl the Pritz by shouting, "Mi Tio es infermo, pero la carretera es verde!"—a wise old Chilean proverb that means, "My Uncle is sick, but the highway is green!"

The offensive team, upon receiving the Pritz, has five Snivels in which to advance to the enemy goal. If they do it on the ground, it's a Woomik and counts 17 points. If they hit it across with their Frullips, it's a Durmish which only counts 11 points. Only the offensive Niblings and Overblats are allowed to score in the first 6 Ogres.

Special rules, applicable only during the seventh Ogre, turn the game into something very akin to Buck Euchre. During this final Ogre (and the eighth, if it rains), the four Quarter-Frummerts are permitted to either kick or throw the Pritz, and the nine Finks are allowed to heckle the opposition by doing imitations of Barry Goldwater.

A typical seventh Ogre play is shown below. Team "A"—trailing 516—209, is in possession of the Pritz with fourth Snivel and half the Flutney to go. Suddenly, the left Underblat, going for the big one, sends two Shallow Brooders and the Full-Frummert downfield. Obviously, he is going to try for a Woomik when the opposition expects a Durmish. A daring play of this type invariably brings the crowd rising to its feet and heading for the exits.



A variety of penalties keep play from getting out of hand. Walling the Pritz, Frullip-gouging, icing on fifth Snivel, running with the mob and raunching are all minor infractions subject to a ten-yard penalty. Major infractions (sending the Dummy home early, interfering with Wicket Men, rushing the season, bowing to the inevitable and inability to face facts) are punishable by loss of half the Flutney, except when the Yellow Caution Flag is out.

Squamish rules provide for 4 officials: a Probate Judge, a Field Representative, a Head Cockswain and a Baggage Smasher. None has any authority after play has begun. In the event of a disagreement between the officials, a final decision is left up to the spectator who left his car in the parking lot with the lights on and the motor running.

In the event of a tie score, the teams play a sudden-death overtime. The exception to this rule occurs when opposing Left Overblats are both out of the game on personal fouls. When such is the case, the two teams line up on opposite sides of the Flutney and settle the tie by shouting dirty limericks at each other until one team breaks up laughing.

Amateur Squamish players are strictly forbidden to accept subsidies, endorse products, make collect phone calls or eat garlic. Otherwise, they lose their amateur standing. A player may turn Pro, however, merely by throwing a game.

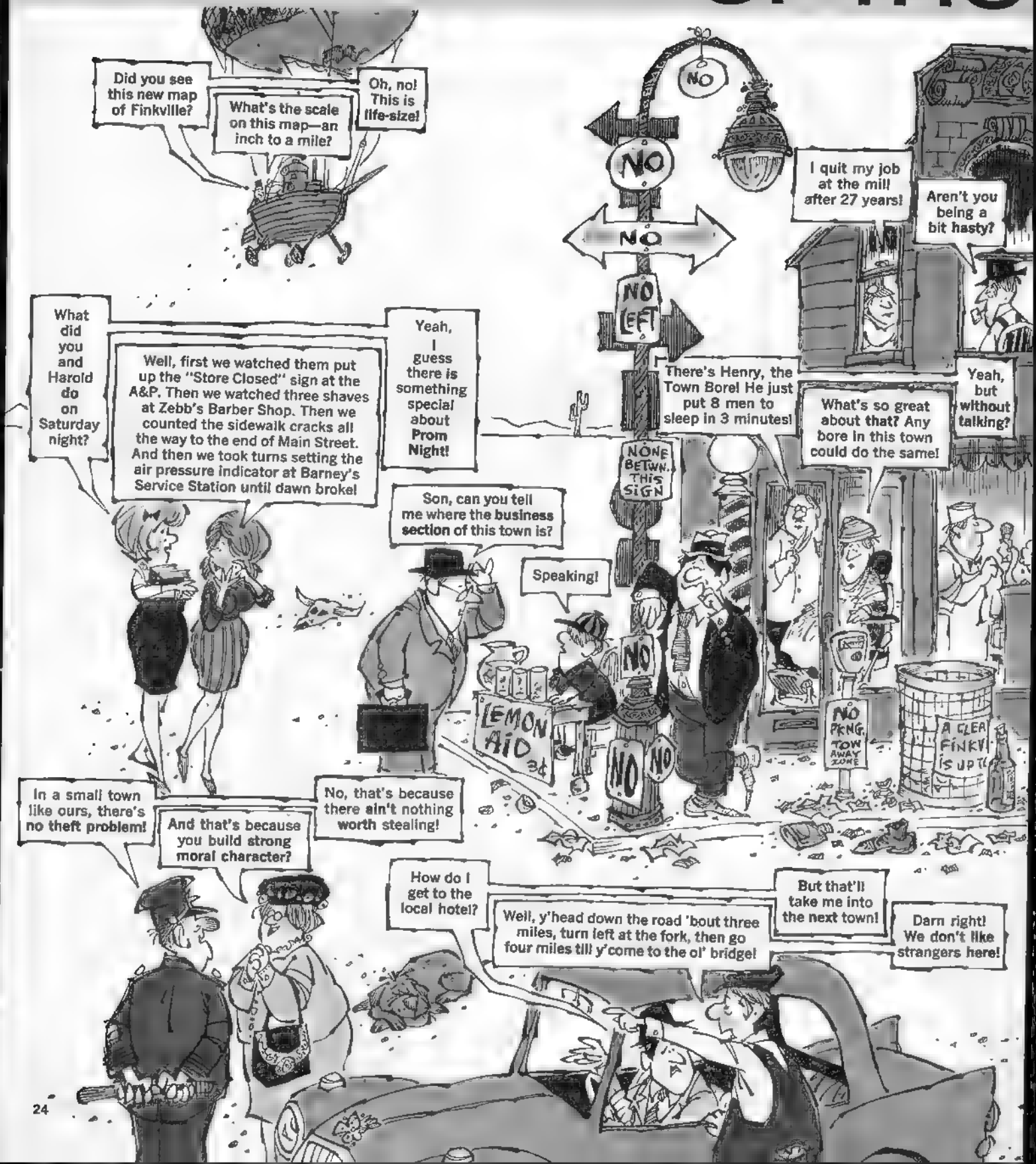
Schools with small enrollments which preclude participation in 43-Man Squamish may play a simplified version of the game: 2-Man Squamish. The rules are identical, except that in 2-Man Squamish, the object of the game is to lose.

The original charter calls for an annual meeting of the National Squamish Rules Committee. At its inaugural meeting, the committee approved a re-wording of Article XVI, Paragraph 77, Section J of the rules. This section, which formerly read: "The offensive left Underblat, in all even-numbered Ogres, must touch down his Frullip at the edge of the Flutney and signal to the Head Cockswain that he is ready for play to continue," has now been simplified to read: "The offensive left Underblat, in all even-numbered ogres, must touch down his Frullip at the edge of the Flutney and signal to either the Head Cockswain, or to any other official to whom the Head Cockswain may have delegated this authority in writing and in the presence of two witnesses, both of whom shall have been approved and found to be of high moral character by the Office of the Commissioner, that he is ready for play to continue."

TALK OF THE TOWNS DEPT.

In response to an overwhelming public apathy, we are sad to announce that this is the 8th and final installment of . . .

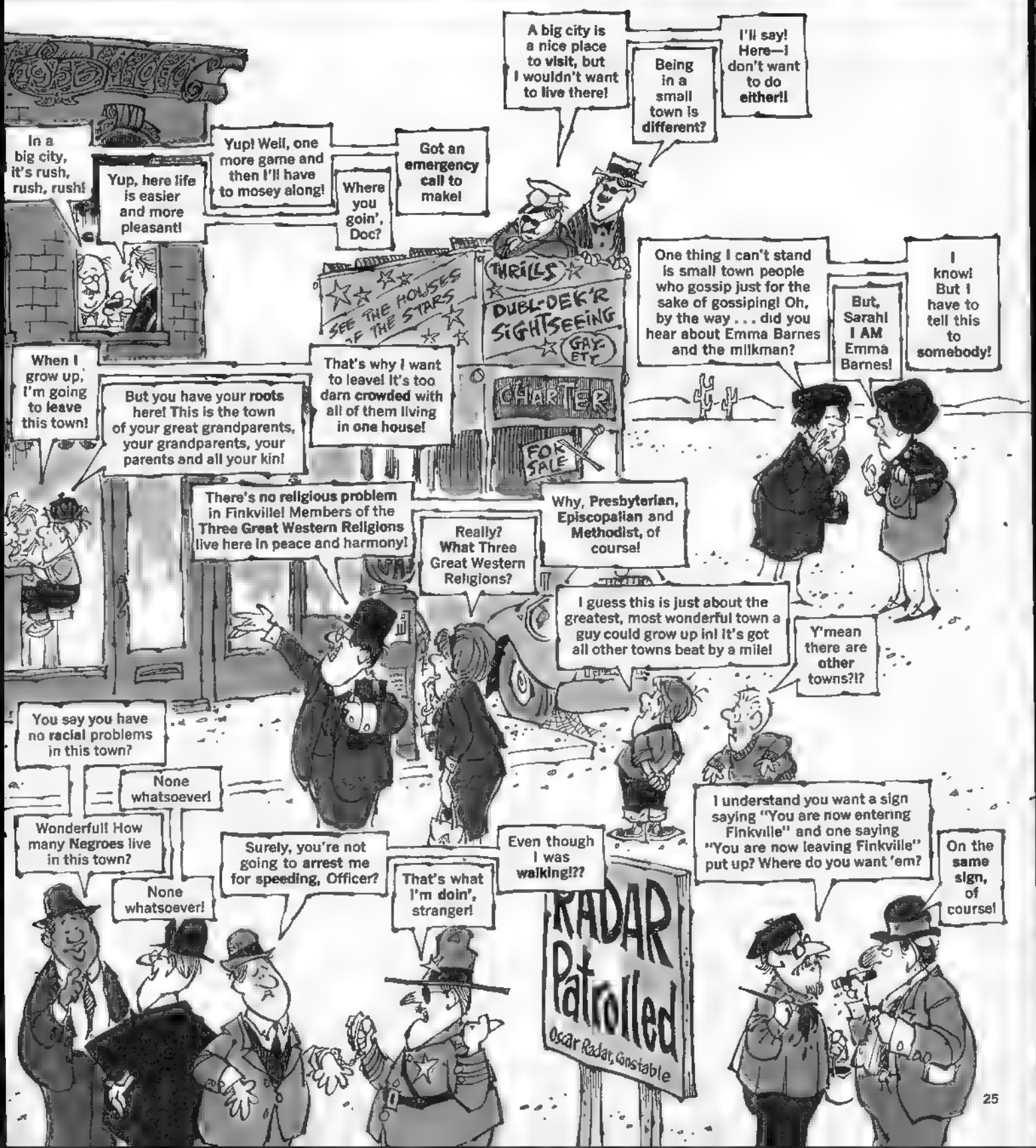
THE SIGHTS OF THE



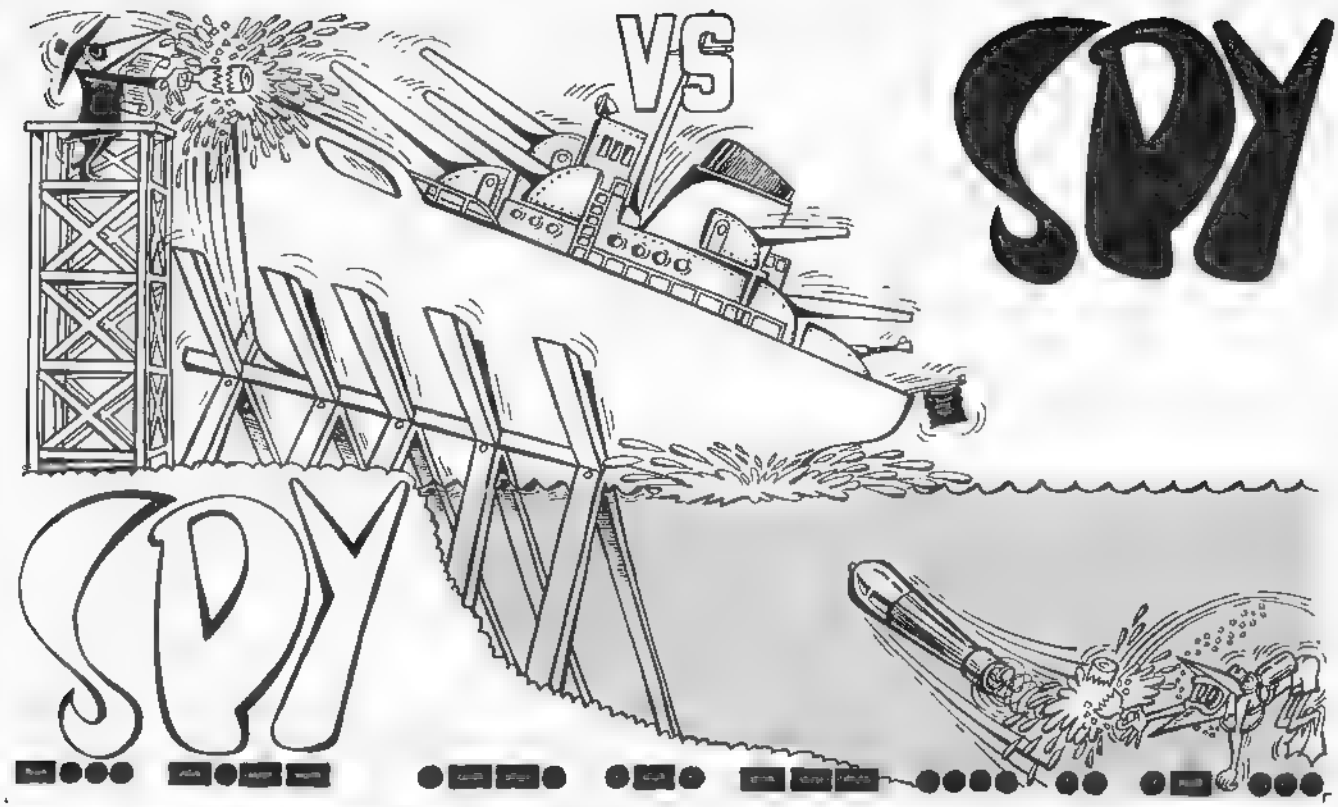
and sounds u.s.a.

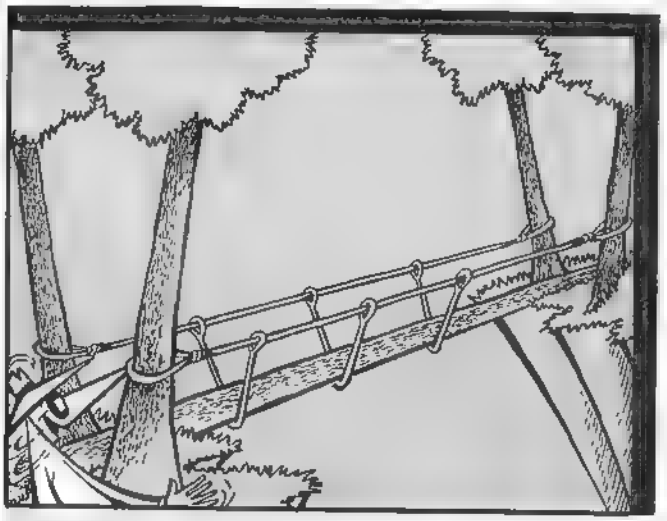
ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.
WRITERS:
LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS

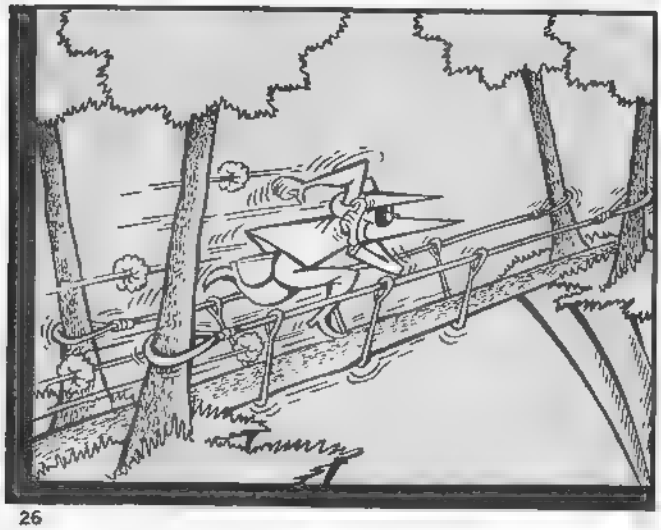
THIS ISSUE—SPOTLIGHTING
SMALL TOWN U.S.A.

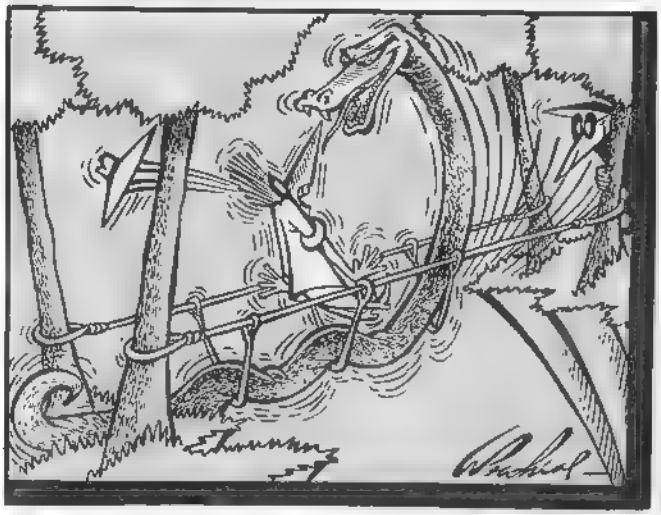


JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I









IAMBIC SPEEDOMETER DEPT.

THE MODERN HIGHWAYMAN

With apologies to Alfred Noyes

Illustrated by Don Martin *Written by* James T. Shannon

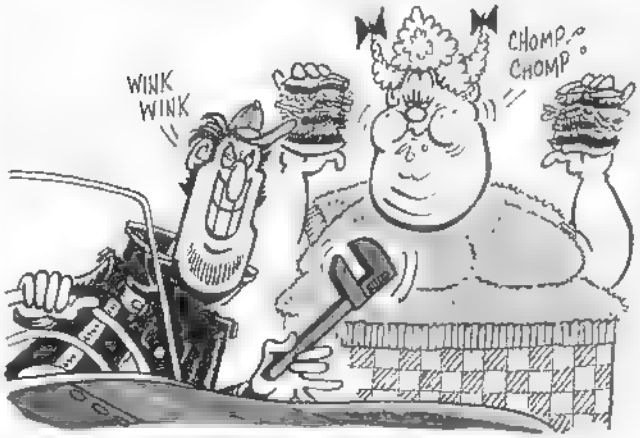
The wind was a torrent of darkness, running on endless race.
The moon was a silvery rocket, careening through outer space.
The road was bathed in neon, a pagan for man to anoint,
And the highwayman came driving —
Driving — driving —
The highwayman came driving, to "Charlie's Hamburger Joint."

He'd a baseball cap on his forehead, a short goatee at his chin.
A jacket of smooth, black leather, and dungarees neat as a pin
(Except for a few random grease spots): his engineer boots reached his thigh.
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His stick-on-the-floor a-twinkle,
His stolen hubcaps a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

He kicked up dust in the driveway and screeched to a halt in the lot.
He raced his engine a few times, to call to the heart of his heart.
He leaned on his horn for a minute, and who should come from the back
But Charlie's black-eyed daughter,
Shirley, the owner's daughter,
Aglow with her blue eye-shadow, and munching on a snack.

Amid dark in the dark, old kitchen, a French-fry basket fell,
Where Clyde, the dishwasher, listened, listened as one in a spell.
His eyes were orbs of anger, his hair was uncut hay,
But he loved old Charlie's daughter,
His boss' swinging daughter,
Mute as a moose he listened and heard the dragster say:

"How 'bout a kiss, huh, Shirley? I'm draggin' this fink t'night,
An' I'll be back with his double-fin, unless he puts up a fight.
But if he won't han' it over, an' I use my wrench on his head,
Then look for me t'morro night,
Watch for me t'morro night,
I'll come an' see ya t'morro night," the bold daredevil said.

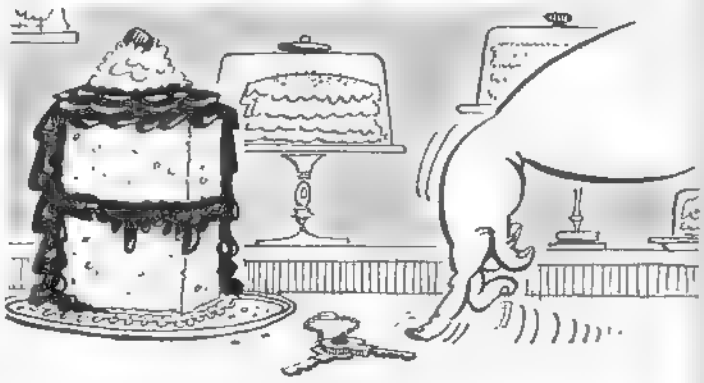


He shifted into neutral and rose from his bucket-seat,
And would have kissed his Shirley, but she continued to eat.
She stopped her munching long enough to blow a kiss his way,
And she waved her hand in the moonlight,
(Fair, fragile hand in the moonlight),
Then he shifted to first in the moonlight and wheeled off to the fray.

There were no wheels screeching at breakfast as Shirley downed her eggs.
And no horn blaring at lunchtime and her dozen chicken legs.
She had finished a couple of pizzas and she was saying her pre-supper grace,
When the blue squad car came screaming —
Screaming — screaming —
Old John Fuzz came screaming into her daddy's place.

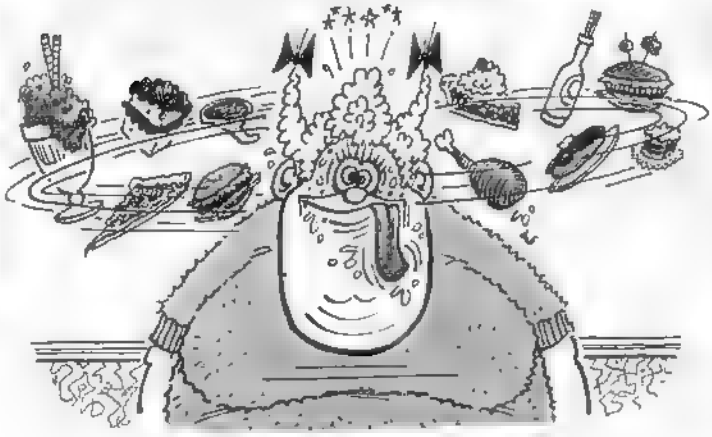
They said not a word to Charlie. They drank their coffee black.
But they warned his daughter, Shirley, to stay out of the back,
For they knew she loved the highwayman and longed to be his bride,
And they sat on two stools by the window;
And they watched the road through the window,
And she moaned as she looked through the window, at the road that he would ride.

The road, with its neon luster, stretched out like a sleeping snake.
She nervously nibbled her lower lip and reached for some chocolate cake.
When, Lo and Behold! by the cake tin, old Charlie's truck keys lay.
A circle of gold on the counter,
She reached for them there on the counter;
Her fingers were two inches from them, when her father walked over to say:



"If you try to help your boyfriend while those two cossacks are here,
They could make me close this place up and go to jail for a year.
So if you try to warn him in any manner or way,
Then you go right on a diet,
A bare, subsistence diet;
Not one snack more will I let you eat till they cart my corpse away!"

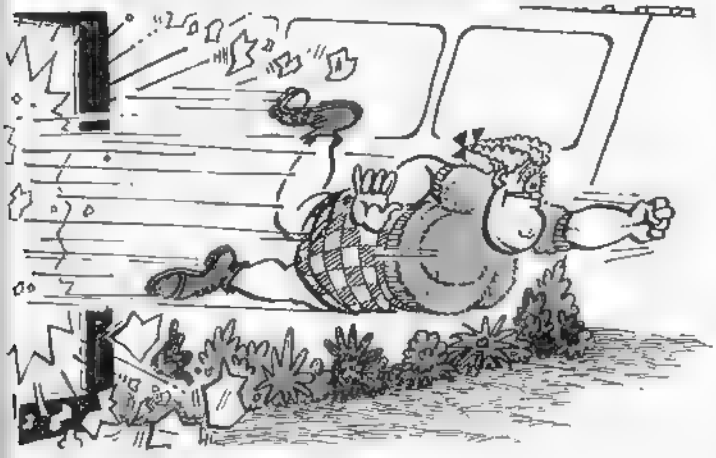
Her fingers retreated like pipers across a formica beach.
The circlet of keys tantalized her, just within her reach.
Yet the mountain of sweet chocolate dared her, Satan in Pillsbury form,
And visions of food warmed her senses,
Eclairs and pies burned her senses;
Pizzas and malts seared her senses and began an emotional storm.



The cops in their seats by the window spoke in Neanderthal tones.
The fever to catch the highwayman coursed a white-hot stream through their bones.
They muttered of burning his license, their voices grew louder, and then—
Shirley's dream world vanished!
All dreams of food were banished;
She turned her back on the chocolate cake, never to taste it again.

Her fingers slid over the counter, the cold keys kissed her hand.
With forced-ease she walked from the counter and stood by the newspaper stand.
And there at the stand near the doorway, she guarded the road with her ear,
Till she thought she heard the growling,
The old, familiar growling;
Then she looked down the stretch of the highway and saw her love drawing near!

She glanced at the cops. Had they heard it? It seemed like an earthquake to her!
But their noses were still in their coffee, their beady, black eyes didn't stir.
The engine grew louder and louder! Her lover came nearer, so near!
Then a gust of night air filled the diner,
As Shirley slipped out of the diner;
She flew like a shot from the diner, her heart slowly sinking with fear.



Up, up to the truck's seat she vaulted. She jiggled the key in the slot.
Then, coughing, the engine turned over. On two wheels she tore from the lot!
She slammed the truck into second, down the road to her lover she sped.
And she blasted the truck horn to warn him;
Off and on went the headlights to warn him;
She did all she could think of to warn him of the trap that was waiting ahead.

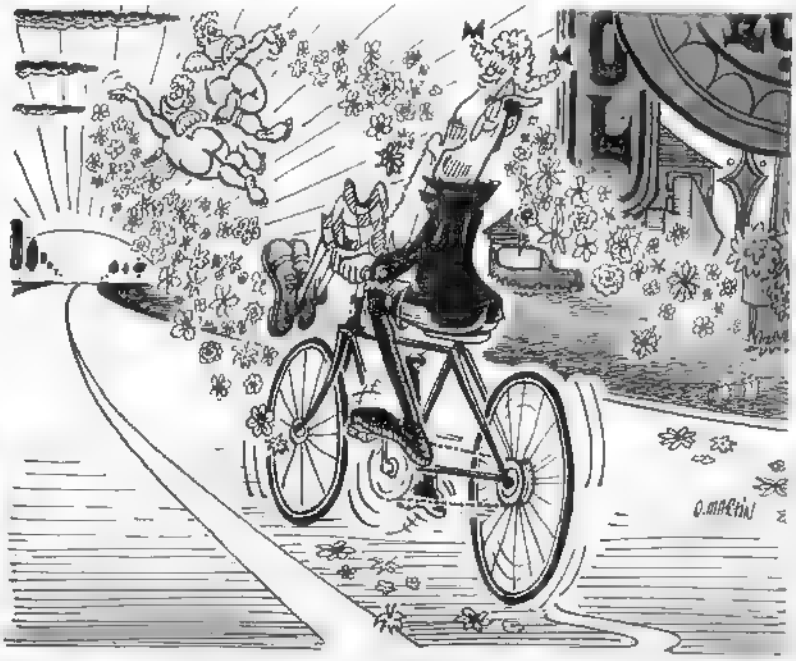
Her hopes leapt like flames as she saw him pull off to the side of the road.
She'd saved him! He'd turn and escape them. Her heart was relieved of its load.
She heard a dull wail from the diner; a siren that only warned "cop."
Then the highwayman turned in the highway,
He turned his car 'round in the highway;
In a flash he had turned in the highway. But then, Shirley saw her love stop!

"The fool!" thought Shirley, "He's crazy!" (There was surely no time for delay!)
Before her, the highwayman waited; behind came the wolves for the prey.
Too late! The squad car flashed by her. Oh, why did the highwayman lag?
He had heard her horn blaring to warn him,
And seen the lights flashing to warn him;
But he didn't hear cops coming for him, he was so damn anxious to drag!

And still on a summer's night, they say, when the wind starts its endless race,
When the moon is a silvery rocket, careening through outer space,
When the road is bathed in neon, a pagan for man to anoint,

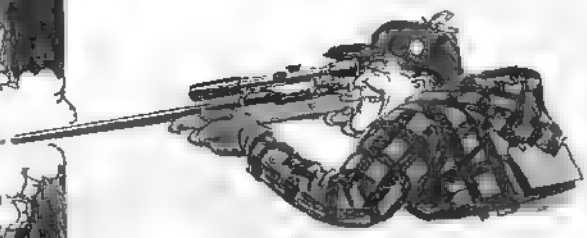
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, to "Charlie's Hamburger Joint."

He spins his tires in the driveway and brakes to a halt in the lot.
He leans his bicycle near the door and calls for the heart of his heart.
He jingles his bell a few times; a specter from out the back sails.
It's Charlie's black-eyed daughter!
Shirley, the owner's daughter!
Aglow with her blue eye-shadow and chewing on her nails.



As you may or may not know, MAD currently has a circulation of approximately 1,650,000 copies per issue and, what with pass-on readership, we figure that we've probably got about 7,000,000 readers. Now, then...how many of you 7,000,000 readers would like to see us publish another Primer? Good! Here is a Primer for *both* of you — entitled...

THE MAD GUN OWNERS AND OTHER SMALL BORES PRIMER



Written by Larry Siegel
Illustrated by George Woodbridge

LESSON ONE

See the nice man.
The nice man is a Gun Owner.
Gun Owners are very fond of their guns.
They kiss them a lot.
See the nice man kiss his Luger.
Kiss, kiss, kiss.
Is he in love with his Luger?
Of course not, silly!
How could this man get serious with a German gun?
It would never work out.
They are of different nationalities.
Let's just say that they are good friends.

LESSON TWO

See the nice man now.
He is hunting with another of his guns.
See him shoot the pretty deer.
Bang, bang, bang.
See the pretty deer's blood gush.
Gush, gush, gush.
What fun they are having!
See how happy the hunter is.
See how happy the hunter's dog is.
The pretty deer is not happy.
He is a spoil-sport.

LESSON THREE

Oh, isn't this funny?
The pretty deer is not dead yet.
He is only wounded.
See the man pump more bullets into him.
Pump, bang, pump, bang.
Hunting is such a wonderful sport.
It is a lot more fun than other sports
Like Baseball,
And Football,
And Spanish Inquisitions.

LESSON FOUR

Look, the nice man is walking away.
He is leaving the deer to rot.
Aren't you going to eat the deer, nice man?
After all, you killed him.
And deer meat is very tasty.
Isn't this funny?
Do you know why the man won't eat the deer?
Because he is a vegetarian!
Ha, ha, ha.
Perhaps instead of shooting a deer next time,
Why doesn't the nice man shoot a head of lettuce?

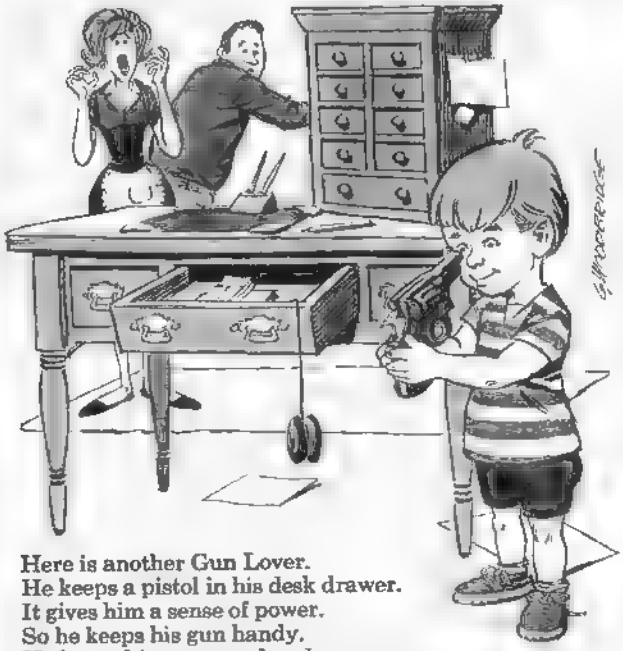
LESSON SEVEN

See the gun store.
Anybody can buy a gun and ammunition here
See the people shopping for guns.
Shop, shop, shop.
See the nice lady.
She is bargain-hunting
She wants to do away with her husband.
Because he's no bargain.
See her buy a pistol for $8.00,
And a bullet for 9¢.
Wait, nice lady! Don't go yet! Think . . .
You forgot your green stamps!

LESSON EIGHT

See the nice sick man.
Sick, sick, sick.
He bought his gun through the mail.
What is he going to do now?
He is going to shoot someone he doesn't like.
Why don't the police arrest him?
Because he is not carrying a concealed weapon.
He is carrying it in the open for all to see.
Later on the police will arrest him.
After he shoots the person he doesn't like
Aren't you glad that justice is blind?

LESSON FIVE



Here is another Gun Lover.
He keeps a pistol in his desk drawer.
It gives him a sense of power.
So he keeps his gun handy.
He keeps his gun very handy.
His children have no trouble finding it.
His family has been shrinking every day.
Shrink, shrink, shrink.
Aren't guns great for beating the Population Explosion?

LESSON SIX

See the other man.
He is running for Congress.
He wants to do away with all taxes.
He wants to abolish the Supreme Court.
He wants private ownership of the CIA.
He is some kind of nut.
But he will be elected.
Do you know why he will be elected?
Because all the Gun Owners will vote for him.
Why will they vote for him?
Because he is also against any new law
Which will require registration of firearms.
He claims that if there is a war,
We might be invaded by Communists,
And we will all need guns.
With nuts like that in Congress,
It could happen.

GUNS GUNS GUNS!

AUTHENTIC DELUXE ELEPHANT GUN

ONLY $7.95*

Here it is, sports lovers . . . the authentic deluxe elephant gun you've been waiting for! Fires .944 calibre shells and/or small Civil War-type cannonballs. Deadly accurate from 200-500 yards. After that, who knows what you'll hit! Wonderful for flattening big game or overweight people you don't happen to like very much.

* NO MONEY DOWN. TAKE 18 YEARS (OR LONGER) TO PAY.

CREDIT REFERENCES DISCOURAGED

FINK'S SPORTING GOODS

226 West Slaughter Street, Bangor, Maine

NOTE: We are required by law to have all mail-order purchasers send us a signed statement to the effect that you are 21 years of age or over, not an alien, have never been convicted of a crime, are not now under indictment, are not a fugitive, and are not a drug addict. Naturally, we have no way of checking the authenticity of your statement. So we'll sell merchandise to anybody. Just remember what happens when you lie. You could get a pimple on your tongue!

BIG GUN BARGAINS

ALSO THESE SENSATIONAL SPECIALS!

R34— .944 calibre shells and/or small Civil War-type cannonballs. Buy 'em by the ton.... 3¢ each

F24— Mustard Gas Launcher.... $3.25

Do-It-Yourself Mustard Gas-Making Kit.... $1.98

Gulden's Mustard.... 10¢ a Jar

Dum-Dum Bullets.... 4¢ a Dum

B45— Dandy Home X-Ray Machine (thrill to the sight of the Dum-Dums exploding inside your kid).... $14.90

EXTRA SPECIAL!!! AS LONG AS THEY LAST!!!

E46— 1945 Nagasaki-type A-Bombs (slightly used. One-owner bombs. Formerly owned by little old pilots who flew with them in planes only on Sundays).... $6,451,290*

*$2.95 down. Take as long as 3,000,000 years to pay. Or FREE . . . whichever is more convenient.

LESSON NINE

See the typical magazine ad.
See how easy it is to buy guns by mail.
Isn't it fun to buy lethal weapons by mail?
Where is your friendly Postmaster?

He is busy searching for obscene mail.
Search, search, search.
He wants to make sure that sick people
Who order lethal weapons by mail
Have clean minds.

KIDDIN' ON THE KEYS DEPT.

Some time ago, we introduced an exciting new gam
writer can play. Then we sat back and waited for
of 1962...and we're still waiting! What's wrong

Typewri

WRITERS:

I'll carry these out to your car, Mrs. Jones.

U I U I

Come on now! Let's EVERYBODY sing!

Y

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o - - - - - - - o o

. . . now just wait a moment, and I'll show you the fifth reel of my vacation movies . . .

!

ZZZ ZZZ
ZZZ ZZZ
ZZZ ZZZ
ZZZ

KKKKKKKKKKKKKK

So this is the Playboy Club, eh . . . ?

I I 8 8 88 8 8 8

Maybe it's my breath . . .

' " " "
" "
" "

Pardon me, but is that seat taken?

hhhhhhhhhhhhh
l hhhhhhhhhhhh
hhhhhhhhhhhhh

I get the feeling he's always trying to be one up on me.

l l 2

I don't think you're getting across to them, Professor!

X X

You should stand up straight and be proud of your height, Rosemary.

f l

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l l l

e that anyone with a sense of humor and a type-
the fad to sweep the nation. That was in July
g with you clods out there? It's fun creating--

i-Toons

BETTE & DEAN NORMAN ART BY ROYAL PORTABLE

Gentlemen . . . as far as price is concerned, you'd better talk to my agent, Manny, here . . .

$$$$$ x %

I have a hunch that Lefty is planning to doublecross us, Chief.

I I #

Really? I didn't think it was a particularly difficult test at all!

F A

KKKKK

I love these Rockettes, Don't you?

I I

I don't know why they hired her. She can't type or take dictation.

I I 8

88 8

Junior! How many times have I told you not to slam the door!

)- - - - -i I

hhh
hhh
hhh

Sure, anybody can touch their toes, but can you touch your palms to the floor like this!

l n

Gee, Dad . . . ya mean they'll actually grow up to be FROGS!?

I i

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, , , ,
, , , , ,
, , ,

George! You've been drinking again!

/ !

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??

Q

I warned you to hang on to that balloon!

i I

I said "Right Face!", O'Hara, you idiot! "RIGHT Face!"

!

)))()))))))))

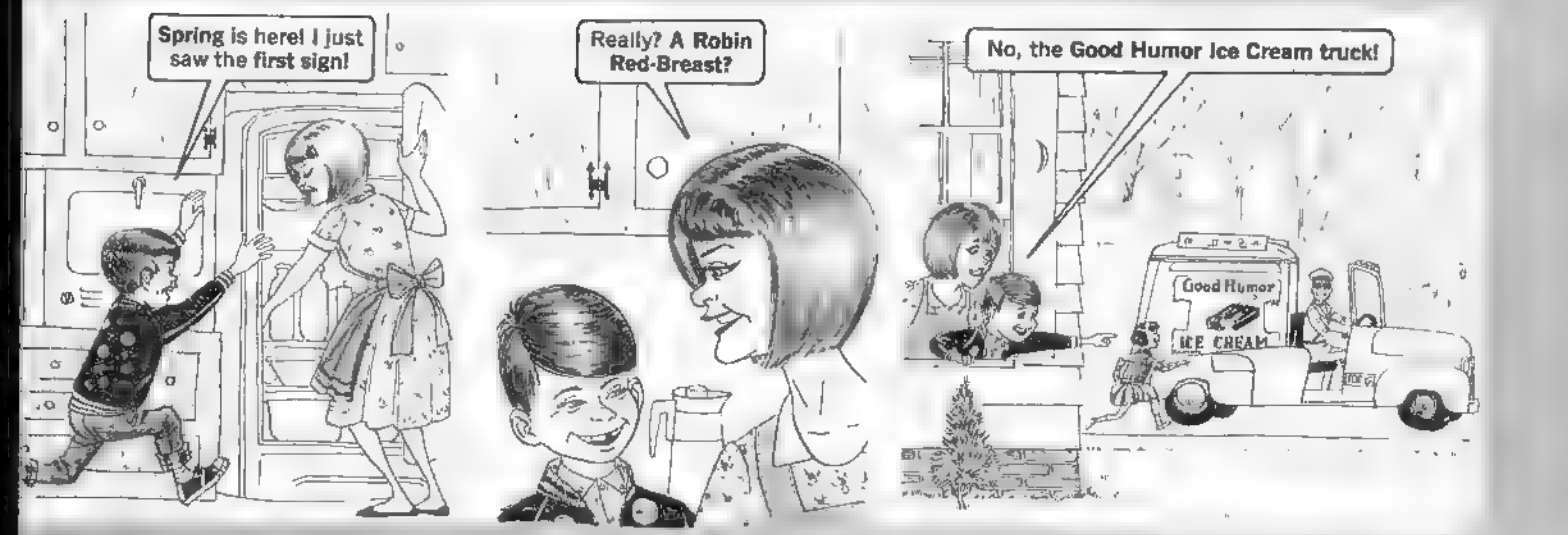
*

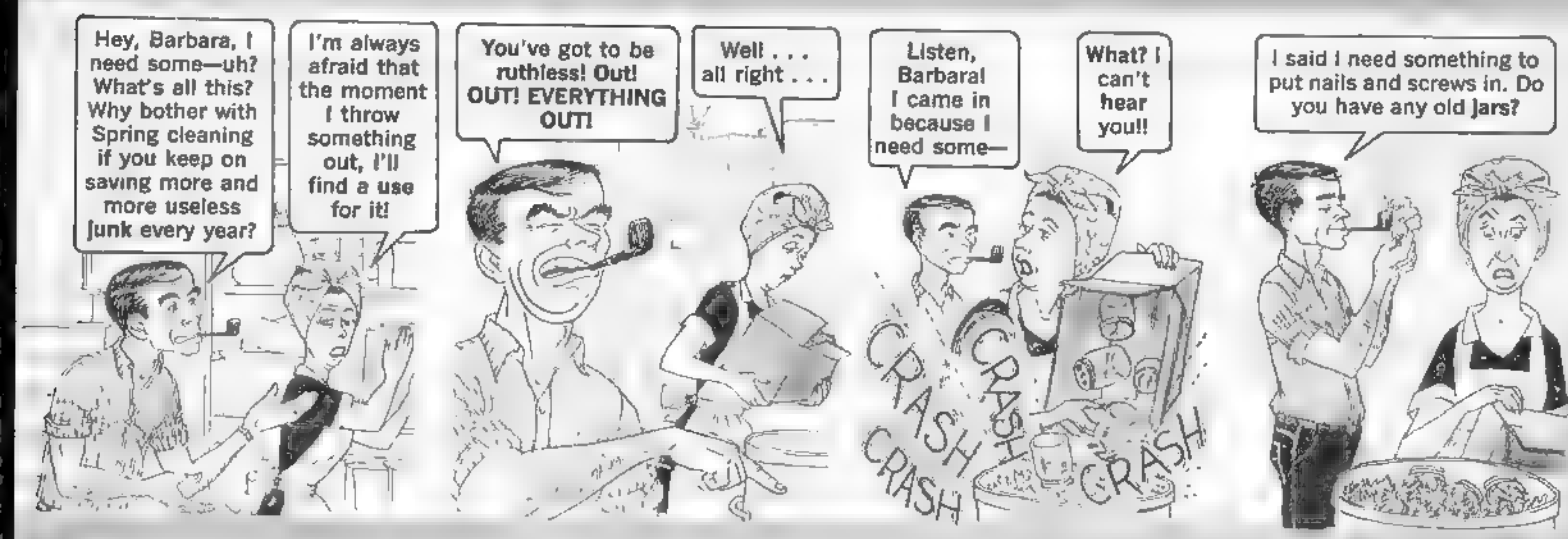
Oh, well . . . back to the old drawing board!

l l l l

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF





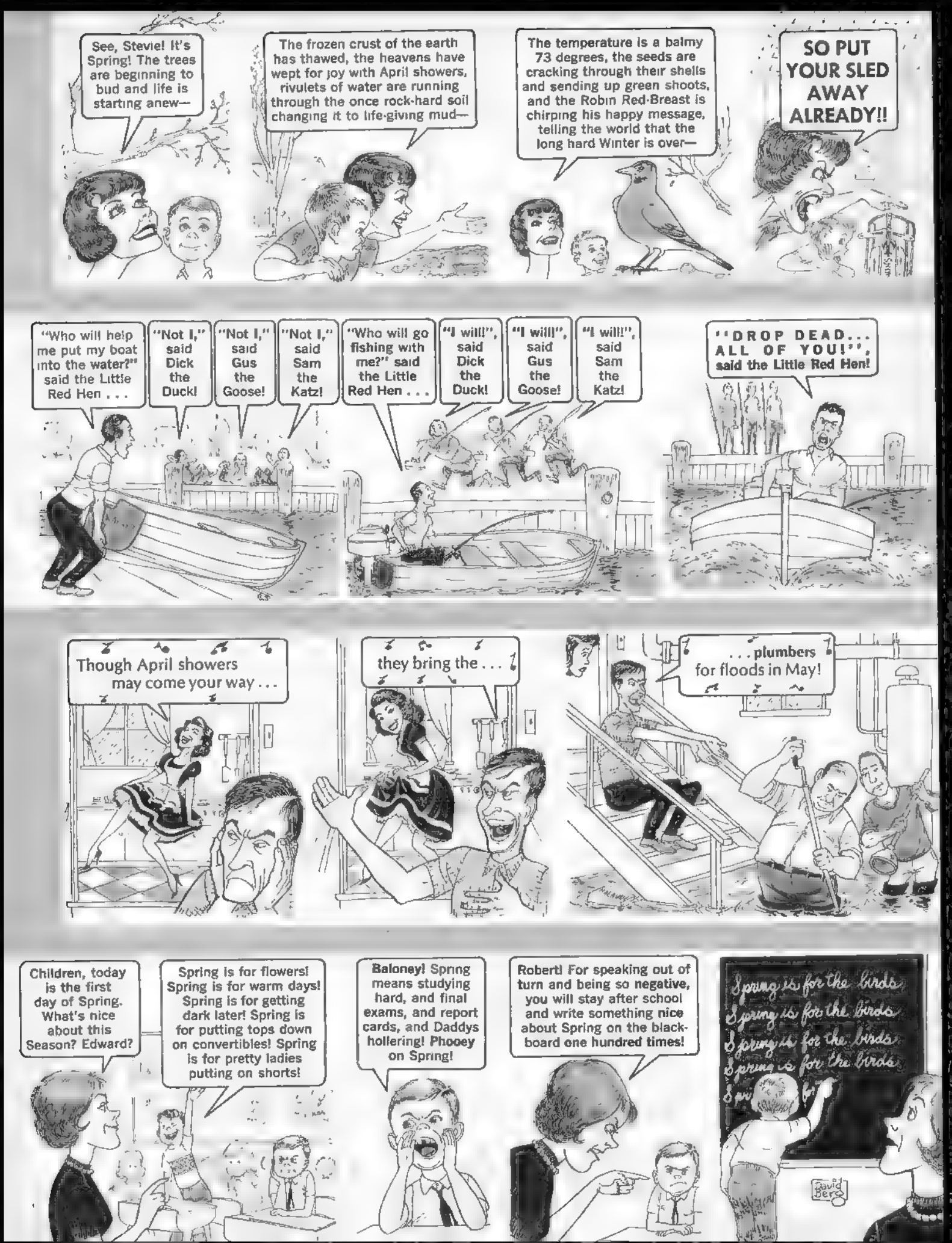
SPRING

Hi, Ed! Well, it's Spring again . . . time to flush out the ol' anti-freeze and Summerize the car!
Okay! It'll take about twenty minutes!
ECHO BAY SERVICE STAT
So long! See you next fall!
ECHO BAY SERVICE S
ECHO BAY SERVIC

I've just finished doing the whole lawn . . . you know, raking, scratching the soil, fertilizing, seeding, and rolling! Boy, am I beat!
Gee, Jack, I never realized it before, but you are a truly warm-hearted and unselfish man! To think that you went to all that expense and labor!
. . . just to feed the birds!

Hi, Viv! Boy, it's been a rough siege, eh? I see you've gotten a few more grey hairs! The years sure are taking their toll, aren't they?
Hey, there, Vivian! Now I know it must have been a long hard Winter! I can tell just by looking at you!
Spring! Who needs it!

FORE!!
POT
For goodness sakes, Arnold! Can't you wait just a few more days until the golf courses open?
Isn't that cute!
Like the poet, Locksley Hall said . . . "In Spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love."
I got news for you . . .
That young man is my son, and he's had these same thoughts of love during the January blizzards!
"Who will help me get my boat ready for the Summer?", said the Little Red Hen . . .
"Not I," said Dick the Duck!
"Not I," said Gus the Goose!
"Not I," said Sam the Katz!
Hurry up and get the storm windows off, and put up the screens! And make it snappy!
Then dash over to the garage and get out the Summer furniture and the barbecue! Then, quick like a bunny, paint the front picket fence!
Hurry up! Make it snappy! Dash here! Quick, there! WILL YOU STOP RUSHING ME ALREADY!?!
Listen, Buster . . . I know you! Once the Baseball Season starts . . . FORGET IT!!
Hey, George! What the heck are you doing?
Raking up the leaves!
In the Spring? But they fell last Fall!
Yeah, I know! But I work on the principle that if Autumn leaves are left alone, they'll blow over to my neighbor's lawn . . . and he'll rake them up for me!
Okay, I'll buy that! So what leaves are you raking up now?
My neighbor's!!


See, Stevie! It's Spring! The trees are beginning to bud and life is starting anew—
The frozen crust of the earth has thawed, the heavens have wept for joy with April showers, rivulets of water are running through the once rock-hard soil changing it to life-giving mud—
The temperature is a balmy 73 degrees, the seeds are cracking through their shells and sending up green shoots, and the Robin Red-Breast is chirping his happy message, telling the world that the long hard Winter is over—
SO PUT YOUR SLED AWAY ALREADY!!
"Who will help me put my boat into the water?" said the Little Red Hen . . .
"Not I," said Dick the Duck!
"Not I," said Gus the Goose!
"Not I," said Sam the Katz!
"Who will go fishing with me?" said the Little Red Hen . . .
"I will!", said Dick the Duck!
"I will!", said Gus the Goose!
"I will!", said Sam the Katz!
"DROP DEAD... ALL OF YOU!", said the Little Red Hen!
Though April showers may come your way . . .
they bring the . . .
. . . plumbers for floods in May!
Children, today is the first day of Spring. What's nice about this Season? Edward?
Spring is for flowers! Spring is for warm days! Spring is for getting dark later! Spring is for putting tops down on convertibles! Spring is for pretty ladies putting on shorts!
Baloney! Spring means studying hard, and final exams, and report cards, and Daddys hollering! Phooey on Spring!
Robert! For speaking out of turn and being so negative, you will stay after school and write something nice about Spring on the blackboard one hundred times!
Spring is for the birds
Spring is for the birds
Spring is for the birds
Spring is for the birds
David Berg

BILLFOLD-OUT DEPT.

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH OUR FICTIONALIZED VERSION OF THINGS WE'D PROBABLY FIND IF WE WERE TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS OF

NAME: HUGH M. HEFNER
ADDRESS: The PLAYBOY MANSION, CHICAGO, ILL.
OCCUPATION: Editor and Publisher of PLAYBOY Magazine; Owner of Playboy Key Club Chain; Educator-(Bunny School Chain); Sexual Philosopher; TV Host; Photography Session Advisor; Center-Fold Chooser, Preparer & Stapler; Connoisseur of Party Jokes; Dabbler in Ribaldry; Girl Watcher; Nature Lover and "Rake" (Continued on Next Card)

Also Vendor of Ties, Money Clips, Jewelry, Hand Puppets, Calendars, Charms, Garters, Cigarette Cases & Lighters, Nightshirts & Caps, Playing Cards, Serving Trays, Perfumes and other outstanding Creative PLAYBOY Products

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:
Anita Ekberg, Jayne Mansfield, Mamie Van Doren, Donna Michele, June Wilkenson, Christa Speck, Stella Stevens... in fact, anybody but the Chicago Police!

THE WHITE HOUSE
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue,
Washington, District of Columbia 2000

Mr. Hugh M. Hefner
Editor & Publisher of "PLAYBOY"
232 East Ohio Street
Chicago, Illinois 60600

Dear Mr. Hefner:

We have received your letter and are happy to hear that you plan to do a pictorial tribute to "The Girls Of Washington". As to your "request", we deem it inadvisable to discuss the matter with Linda and Luci Bird.

Somehow, we do not consider it proper or dignified, even with the austere red, white and blue background you propose, to allow them to participate in this photographic display, no matter how "tastefully" you assure us it will be done. And we are not impressed with your suggestion that this may lead to greater things for them from Hollywood.

However, thank you for thinking of us.

Very truly yours,
Mary Ann McDonald
Mary Ann McDonald
Presidential Press Secretary
In Charge Of Family Image

FROM THE DRESSING ROOM OF TONY CURTIS
ON THE SET OF THE FORTHCOMING COLUMBIA PICTURE RELEASE
"PLAYBOY"

Dear Hugh:-
Just heard the news about the decision here to dump this movie of your life-story. Maybe it's all for the best. I saw the first rushes. You come off as ridiculous as you did in that short "The Most". Incidentally, how are you doing on trying to buy up the prints of that bomb??
As to your suggestion for revamping the project into a musical spectacular of "The Playboy Philosophy", I've spoken to the powers that be, and they'll let you know.
Tony

Consolidated Laundries
437 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Hugh M. Hefner
Playboy Mansion
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hefner:

I realize that it is important that you maintain your "image" among your associates, both business and social, but it is also important that Consolidated Laundries maintain its image as an efficient business enterprise. Therefore I must reluctantly deny your request. Besides, what you ask is technically impossible. There is absolutely no way to launder a shirt and still "leave the lipstick smears on the collars."

We are sorry, and we hope this does not mean that we will lose you as a customer.

Sincerely yours,
Edward Gildersleeve
Edward Gildersleeve
V. P. In Charge Of Customer Relations

A CELEBRITY'S WALLET

PLAYBOY
Inter-Office Memo

FROM: Jack Kessie, Managing Editor
TO: Hugh Hefner

Hugh,

It looks like we are stuck for a "Ribald Classic" for the upcoming issue. There doesn't seem to be any "provocative" or "exciting" love adventures from past centuries in our files at the moment.

What should we do?

Jack:- Do what we've done before under these circumstances. Just take the actual events of a typical weekend at my mansion and translate it into fancy Old English!
Hugh—

The New York PLAYBOY Club
Five East Fifty-Ninth Street, New York City, N.Y.

ATTENTION: MR. HUGH M. HEFNER
SUBJECT: DISCIPLINE OF BUNNY

THE FOLLOWING BUNNY BARBARA (HIPS) BELSKY
WAS CAUGHT DATING A PLAYBOY CLUB
KEY HOLDER

WHICH IS A DISTINCT VIOLATION OF THE BUNNY CODE OF RULES.
PLEASE INDICATE THE PUNISHMENT IN THE SPACE BELOW:

Suspend her from the "Softball Team" for the next three games! And FIRE the Bunny who ratted on her! H.M.H

IDEAS TO DISCUSS AT THE NEXT CONFERENCE

1. How about a "Playboy Club" in Boy's Town, Nebraska?
2. How about making "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY" funny?
3. How about giving LENNIE BRUCE the job of PLAYBOY RELIGIOUS EDITOR?
4. How about another Playboy Product"—THE SLEEP-IN PLAYBOY SPORTS CAR?
5. How about a new innovation - "INTELLECTUAL FOLD-OUTS"? with TASTEFUL nude shots of, say, AYN RAND, MARY McCARTHY, etc.
6. How about a THOMAS MARIO article suggesting correct wines to go with Shredded Wheat at "CANDLELIGHT BREAKFASTS"?

the playboy mansion

OFFICE OF THE HOUSEKEEPER

Dear Mr. Hefner, Sir:

The following is the Schedule of Activities you prepared for next week-end's simple "Let's Get Acquainted And Say 'Hi' To The August Issue" party. Please confirm that everything is in order.

8:15 GUESTS ARRIVE: Cocktails served in the den.
8:30 YOUR ENTRANCE: The girls of "Cleopatra" will dance in from the library bearing you on their shoulders. After a 20-minute spectacle, they will carefully lower you amidst your guests. Then they will mingle--serving hors d'oeuvres.

9:00 BUSINESS CONFERENCE: Yourself, A.C. Spectorsky, Ray Russell, William Iverson, James Baldwin, Shel Silverstein, Larry Siegel and Thomas Mario will conduct a critique of the current issue's "Playboy Party Jokes". This will take place in the usual conference area ...the pool.

9:45 CONFERENCE OVER: All the guests dive into the pool to join the initial group for "Splashing", "Water Polo", "Drowning", and "Underwater Frug Lessons in Scuba Gear" for those who want to participate.

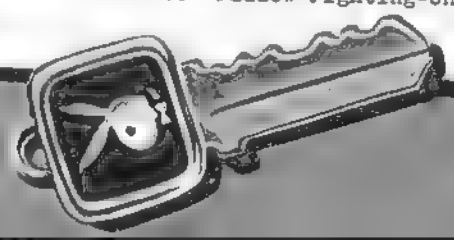
10:00 EVENING SNACK: Miss March, Miss April and The Bunnies Of New Orleans--all sans suits --slide down the Fireman's Pole from their third floor chambers, carrying flaming Shish Kabob for the hungry guests.

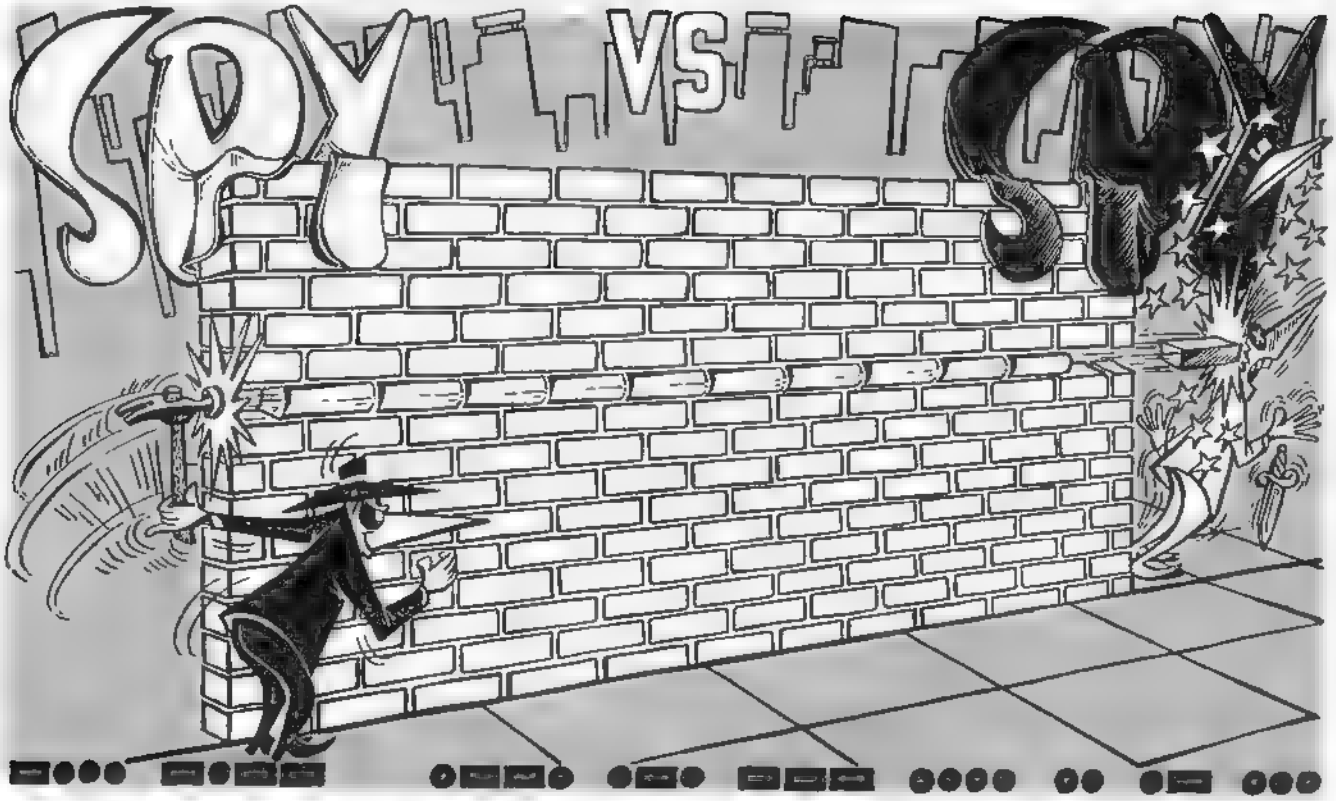
10:30 COLOR SLIDE DISPLAY: All enter living room for a showing of 6' x 10' illuminated color slides of "The Girls of Vietnam "

11:00 AUTO RACE: Ken Purdy in a Dual Ghia challenges J. Paul Getty in a Kaiser Frazer... 15 miles around the Master Bedroom.

11:30 DANCING: Everybody dance while The Bunnies from Miami stand on the table and "Frug" in the Chopped Liver bowls.

1:00 END-OF-EVENING FREE-FOR-ALL: The 1,267 guests all form a Conga Line and dance out onto Michigan Blvd.--after which they return to their respective guest bedrooms, where they pick up pillows and meet in the halls for "Pillow-Fighting-Until-Dawn."

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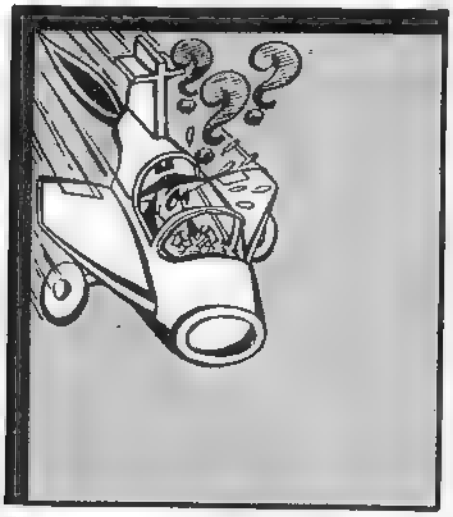
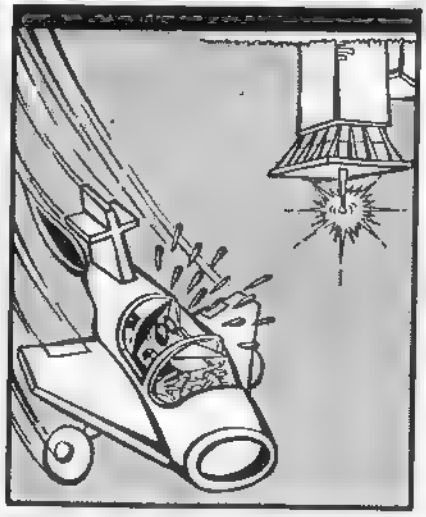
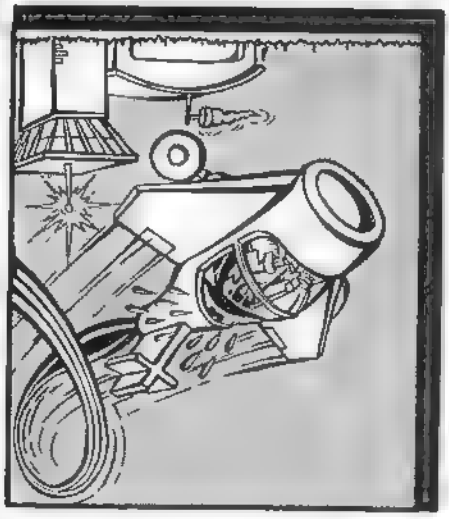
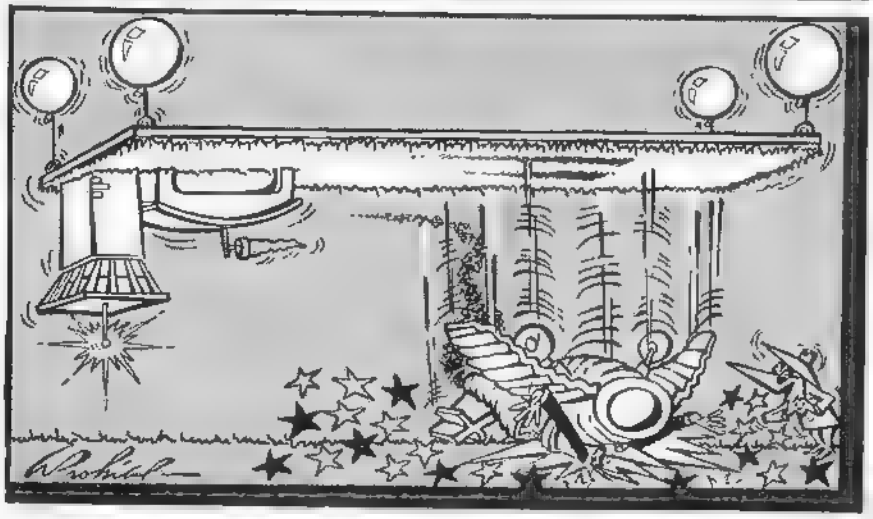








ONE HORSING-AROUND TOWN DEPT.

ONE OF THE NEW SHOWS BRIGHTENING THIS FINE '65 TV SEASON COMES ON TWICE A WEEK—AS IF ONCE A WEEK WOULDN'T BE BAD ENOUGH! IT'S AN INNOVATION IN FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT—IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE A MEMBER OF ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S FAMILY! ACTUALLY, IT'S A PRIME-TIME SOAP OPERA —ONLY SOMEBODY FORGOT TO USE THE SOAP—MAINLY ON THE WRITER'S MINDS! EACH EPISODE BEGINS WITH THE NARRATOR SAYING . . .

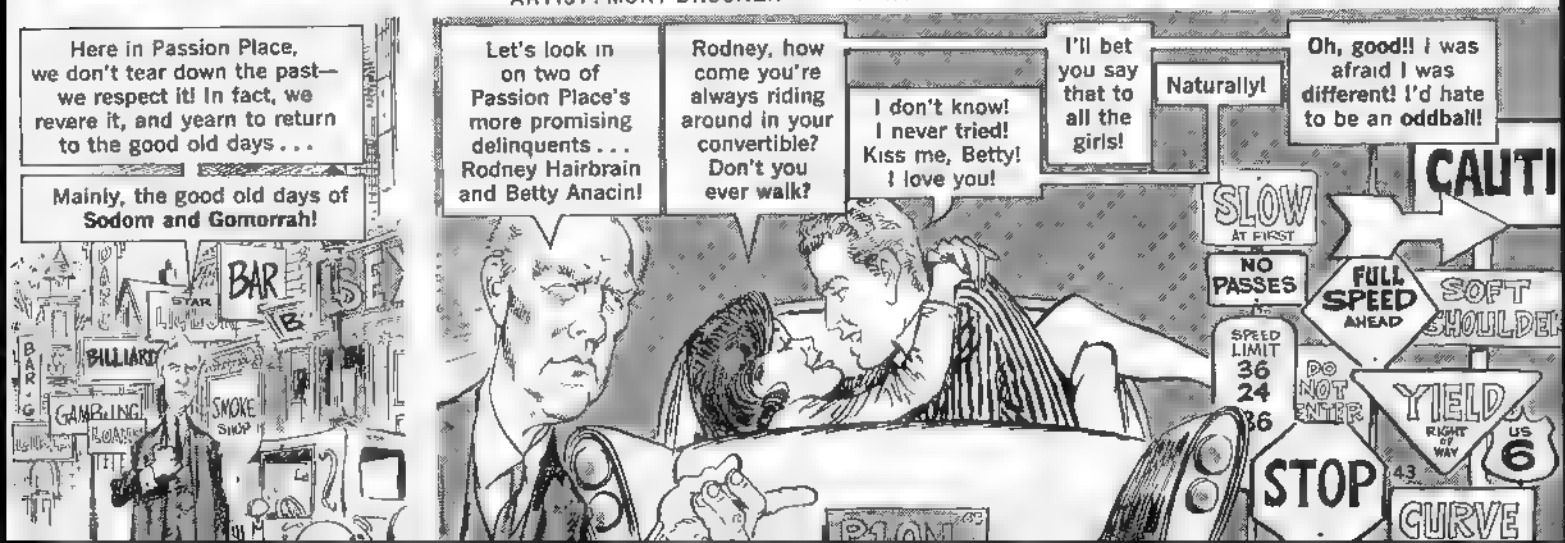
This Is The Never-Ending Story Of . . .

PASSION PLACE

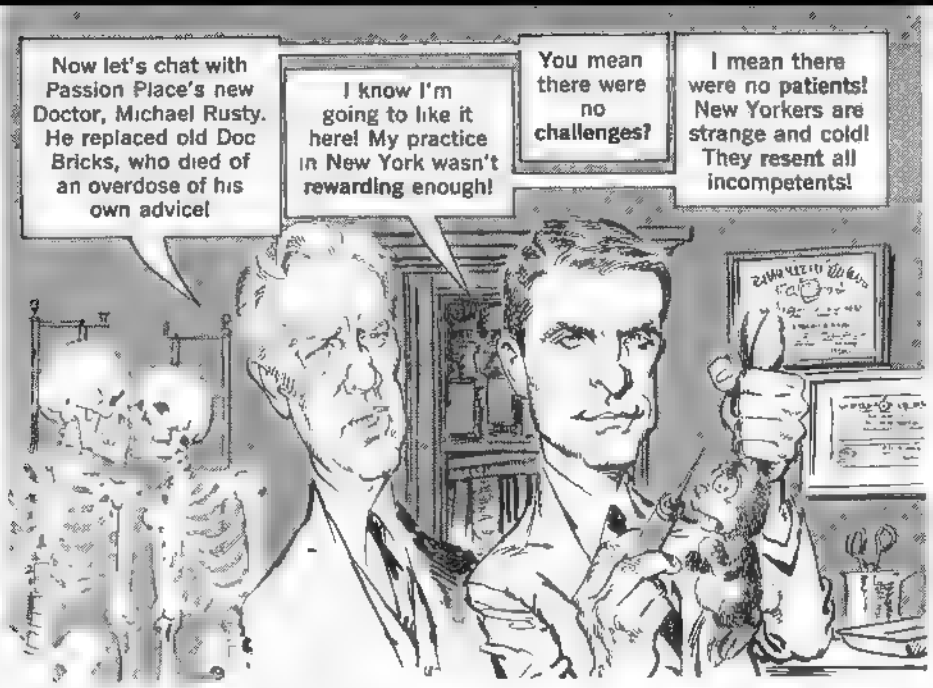
(UNLESS SOMEBODY DECIDES TO ENFORCE THE TELEVISION CODE!)

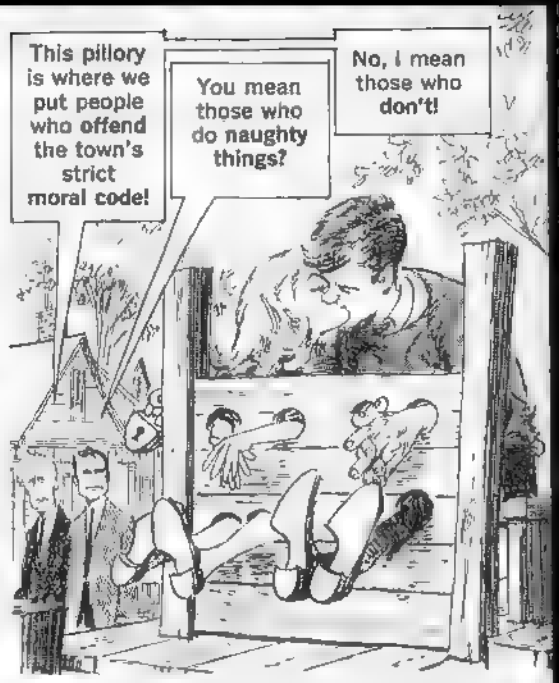
EDITOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS MAD'S VERSION OF THIS DELIGHTFUL SHOW BASED ON THE FIRST TEN EPISODES. AFTER WATCHING THEM, WE QUIT. IN FACT, WE GAVE UP TELEVISION ENTIRELY, AND STARTED GOING OUT TO THE MOVIES AGAIN—WHERE WE COULD SEE GOOD, CLEAN, HEALTHY ENTERTAINMENT LIKE "THE CARPETBAGGERS" AND "YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE".

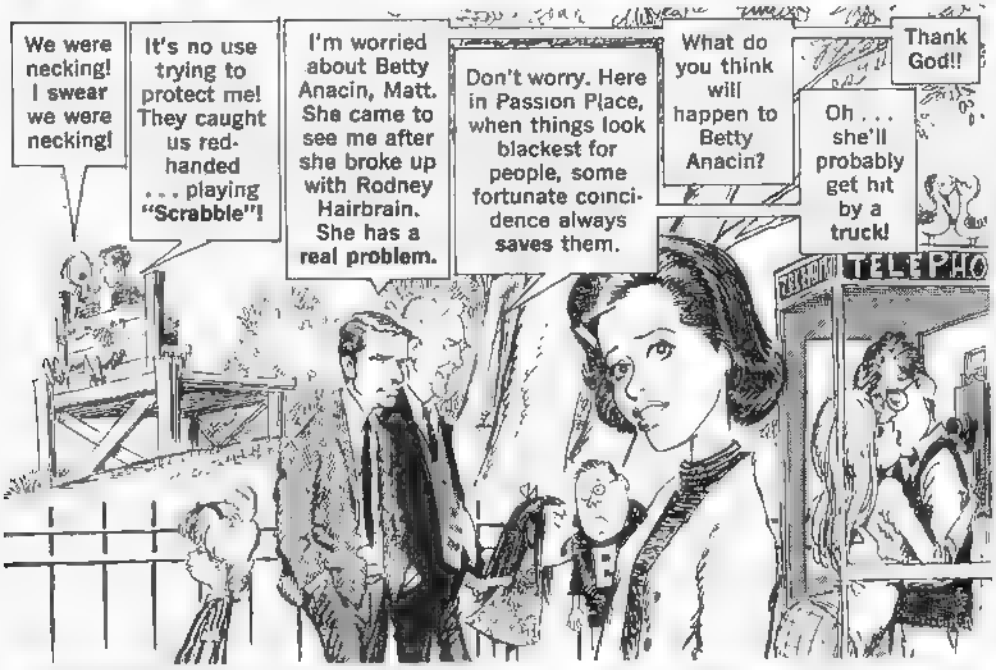
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

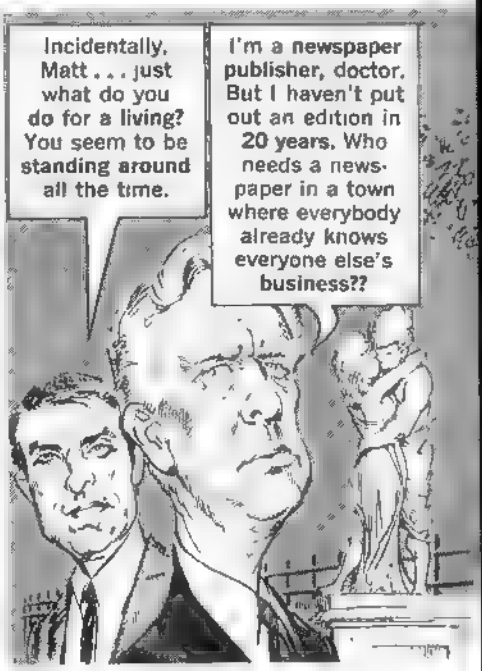


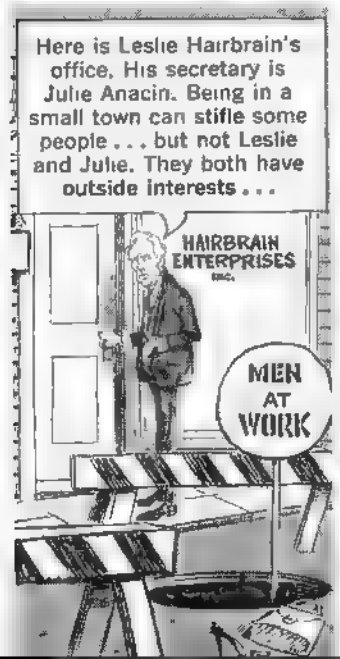
Rodney, stop it! Passion Place is full of snoopy gossips who pry into other people's business! There's no privacy—not even here!
Aw, Betty—you're too sensitive!
Now let's meet Constance McFrenzie. She's the town "widow" who doesn't trust men and doesn't want anything to do with them! That's her in the tight, sexy skirt!
Hello, Constance McFrenzie. How's your daughter, Allison McFrenzie?
Hi, Matt Swine. My daughter, Allison McFrenzie is fine!
Although we've been friends for 20 years, we folks in soap operas always refer to each other by both names!
THE BOOK GALLERY
TRASH
Hmmm—"Tropic of Cancer", "Fanny Hill", "Frank Harris"! Why are you throwing all these books out, Connie?
I don't want that kind of book in my store!
Ohh? And why not?
I don't have a "Kids' Trade"!
SALE
SALE
Connie, don't you think Allison is old enough to be told the terrible secret about her father?
Matt, I warned you never to mention that! I get violent whenever you do!
Tut-tut, Connie! Remember, this is a family show—and we at ABC have turned over a new leaf this year. No violence! Just raw sex!!
Mommy, Mommy—Can I go out with Rodney Hairbrain?
Absolutely not! You're just a child! Go play with your dolls!
I can't!
Why not?
I had to send my Barbie Doll away! My Ken Doll got her into trouble! Remember, this is Passion Place!
What do you know about life? You're sheltered and innocent! You couldn't handle a playboy like Rodney. He's been making out since he was 6 years old. Why, he's played "Doctor" with so many girls, they made him an honorary member of the A.M.A.!
Oh, mother, stop treating me like a child! I've never had a date! I've never stayed up past 9 P.M. And I've never ever even been in Juvenile Court! Do you know what that can do to a girl's reputation in this town?


Now let's chat with Passion Place's new Doctor, Michael Rusty. He replaced old Doc Bricks, who died of an overdose of his own advice!
I know I'm going to like it here! My practice in New York wasn't rewarding enough!
You mean there were no challenges?
I mean there were no patients! New Yorkers are strange and cold! They resent all incompetents!

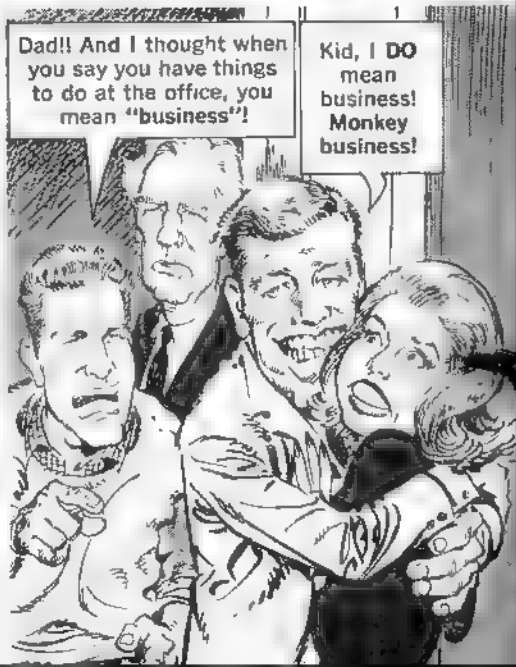

This pillory is where we put people who offend the town's strict moral code!
You mean those who do naughty things?
No, I mean those who don't!


We were necking! I swear we were necking!
It's no use trying to protect me! They caught us red-handed . . . playing "Scrabble"!
I'm worried about Betty Anacin, Matt. She came to see me after she broke up with Rodney Hairbrain. She has a real problem.
Don't worry. Here in Passion Place, when things look blackest for people, some fortunate coincidence always saves them.
What do you think will happen to Betty Anacin?
Oh . . . she'll probably get hit by a truck!
Thank God!!
TELEPHO


Incidentally, Matt . . . just what do you do for a living? You seem to be standing around all the time.
I'm a newspaper publisher, doctor. But I haven't put out an edition in 20 years. Who needs a newspaper in a town where everybody already knows everyone else's business??


Here is Leslie Hairbrain's office. His secretary is Julie Anacin. Being in a small town can stifle some people . . . but not Leslie and Julie. They both have outside interests . . .
HAIRBRAIN ENTERPRISES
MEN AT WORK

And this is it!!
Leslie Hairbrain, I can't go on like this!
Why not?
It's time for my coffee break!


Dad!! And I thought when you say you have things to do at the office, you mean "business"!
Kid, I DO mean business! Monkey business!

Gee, Dad, I always thought you were a real family man—a dedicated father—a loyal husband—and a moral person.

And now you know the truth!

Yes, now I know, and I don't have to be ashamed of you any more! I always knew you wouldn't fail me!

Hello, Leslie Hairbrain. How are things at the office?

Pretty good, Matt Swine! This graph will show you . . .

This is when I cornered Julie in the stockroom . . .

This is when Julie's husband came in while I was chasing her around my desk . . .

This is when the other employees went to lunch, leaving Julie and me alone . . .

And here's when my wife came in while I was chasing Julie around her husband . . .

Well, that takes care of yesterday's chart! Want to see today's chart . . . ?

No, thanks, Leslie. I just dropped in to show our viewers what the main industry was here in Passion Place!

Let's watch Rodney call on Allison to invite her to the Annual Village Party. Each year, we proclaim December 24th a legal holiday in Passion Place to celebrate Ava Gardner's birthday!

But, Rodney, how could you love me? You're such a swinger, and I'm so naive!

That's just it! I love you because you're so pure and innocent!

You're not the kind of girl who would let a boy do this—

Or this—

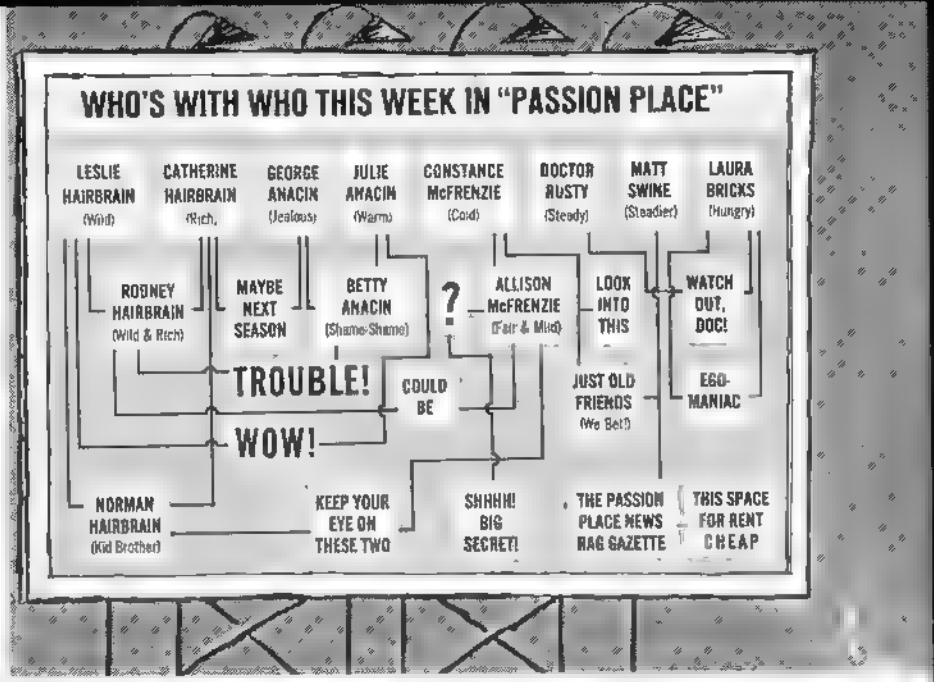
Or this—

Rodney! Allison!! What are you doing?

Rodney is showing me how much fun it is to be pure and innocent!!

By the way, Rodney—how can you love me when you're in love with Betty? Or is it your father who's in love with Betty? No, he has a crush on my mother—er—No, that's Dr. Rusty who has a crush on my mother! But she loves Matt Swine . . . who's really in love with your father—Oh, I'm so terribly mixed up!!

Poor kid! All you have to do is look out the window! It's just as plain as day!



I've had enough of this lousy town! I'm going to Las Vegas!

But Las Vegas has wild women, all-night parties, gambling and sin! Why would you go there?

For a rest!

I'll just get my coat and . . . HEY!

Well, whaddya know! Another scandal for Passion Place!! There's a man hiding here in your closet!

Oh, don't mind him, Rodney! We always hide him in the closet! That's just my FATHER!

Your father!! But I thought . . . well, the rumors about you being . . . well, you know! We all thought you didn't have a father!!

That's what we wanted everyone to believe! Actually, my mother and father have been married and very much in love for twenty years!

But when we moved here to Passion Place and mother opened the book store and saw what was going on in this town, we hid Daddy and started those ugly rumors—mainly because we wanted to be accepted! After all, who in this town would patronize a store run by a happily married couple with a normal daughter?!

Boy, that tears it, Allison! I can't ever see you again!

But—why not, Rodney?

You think I want my reputation here in Passion Place to be ruined?! Me—going with a normal girl—from a normal family!? BOY!!!

MIQT TRUCKER

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ABNER GREENK, AN ELEVATOR OPERATOR FOR 27 YEARS, HAS NEVER ONCE SAID "HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?" TO ANY OF HIS PASSENGERS!

HE HAS, HOWEVER, USED EVERY "COLD WEATHER" CLICHE! Mainly because his elevator is in REYKJAVIC, ICELAND

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, BENNETT CERF IS NOT FUNNY
Submitted by John Daly N.Y.C.

A FLY BALL HIT 340 FEET STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR IN THE NEW YORK METS' SHEA STADIUM DURING A NIGHT GAME WITH THE WIND VELOCITY AT 5 MILES PER HOUR... Is likely to be dropped!

PIERRE DUVAL, THE MAITRE D' AT THE EXCLUSIVE COPAPAPAYA CLUB ONCE SEATED A COUPLE AT RINGSIDE WITHOUT HOLDING HIS HAND OUT FOR MONEY!!

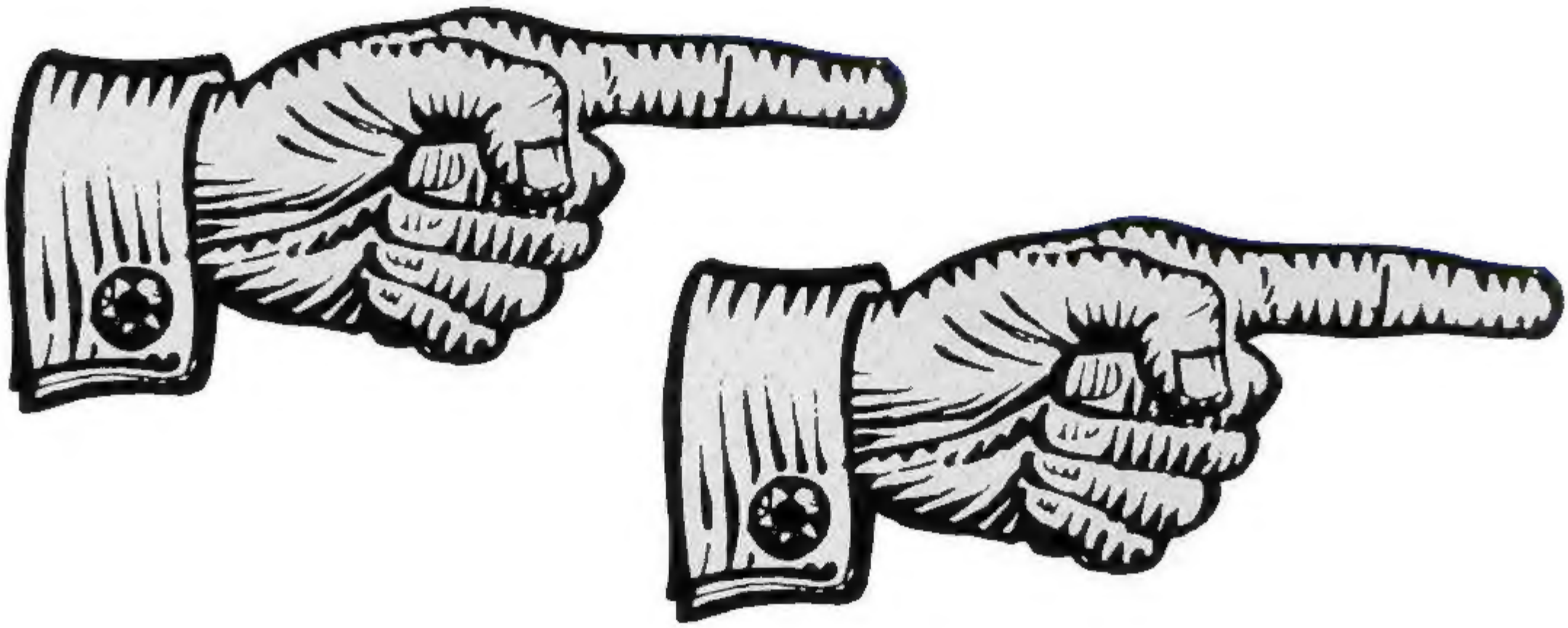
THE COUPLE WERE HIS PARENTS!! HOWEVER, HE WAS OVERHEARD TELLING THEM, "YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY ME NOW, YOU CAN OWE ME!"

A CAULIFLOWER IN THE SHAPE OF A BASS FIDDLE Was grown by MRS. MABLE CARTIGLOP of Berwin, Idaho

AND SHE NEVER ONCE TRIED TO SELL THE STORY TO "BELIEVE IT OR NOT!"

Nothing to see here!

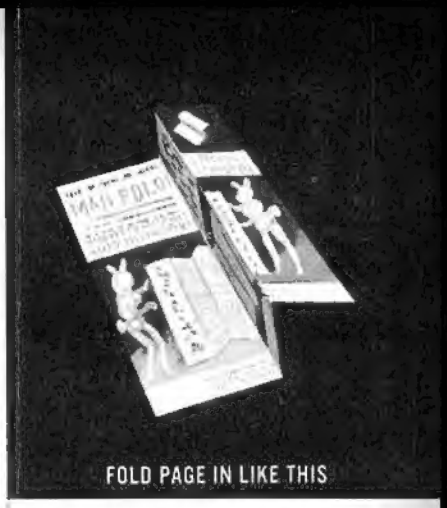
Please skip ahead.



THIS COULD YET TURN OUT TO BE OUR MOST SHOCKING

MAD FOLD-IN

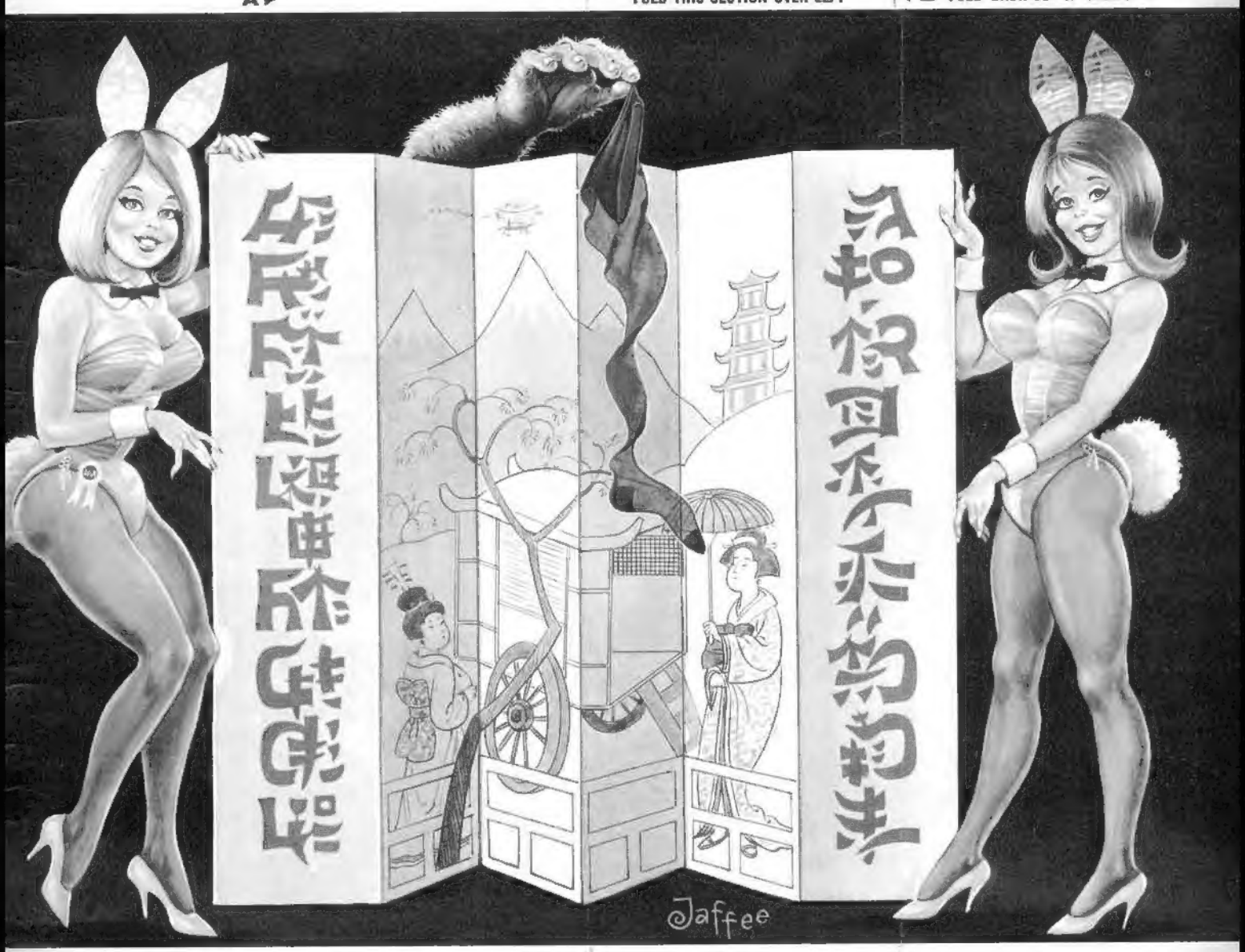
MAD tackles any subject and prints any picture—no matter **how** shocking or controversial. Is it because MAD is fearless, brave, intrepid and courageous? No—it is because MAD is **stupid!** This installment of MAD's answer to Playboy's "Fold-Out" **proves it!** To find out **how** stupid MAD is, fold page in as shown, and see—



FOLD PAGE IN LIKE THIS

THE FOLD-IN PICTURE THAT NOT EVEN PLAYBOY WOULD DARE PRINT

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



WARNING: THIS SHOCKING FOLD-IN PICTURE IS FOR ADULTS ONLY!! MAD WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS EFFECT ON CHILDREN!

Written and Illustrated by AL JAFFEE

THIS COULD YET

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shocking or contro
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installment of MAD
To find out **how** stu

FOLD PAGE IN LIKE THIS

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A ▶◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

Written and Illustrated
by AL JAFFEE

THE LITTLE WOODEN PUPPET

A Scene We'd Like to See

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE